

NEW
POEMS,
Consisting of
SATYRS,
ELEGIES,
AND
ODES:

Together with a
Choice COLLECTION
Of the Newest
Court Songs,
Set to MUSICK by the best Masters
of the Age.

All Written by Mr. D'URFET.

— *Si me Lyricis vatibus Inferes,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.* Horace Ode 1.

LONDON, Printed for J. Bullord, at the Old
Black Bear in St. Paul's Church-Yard, and
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NEW
P O E M S

CONTAINING
SEVERAL
P O E M S

AND
O D E S :

ON
THE
REVOLUTION

IN
FRANCE

AND
THE
AGE

OF
THE
REVOLUTION

IN
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REVOLUTION

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To the Right Honorable

ALGERNON,

Earl of Essex, Viscount Malden, Baron Capell of Hadham, and Lord Lieutenant of Hertford.

MY LORD,

I Should be very ungrateful for the many extraordinary Favors, which Your Lordship has often shower'd upon me, if I omitted studying all manner of ways to lay my Faithful Acknowledgments at Your Feet, who have so often been pleas'd to honor me with Your Conversation, and several of the following *Poems* with Your Af-

A 2

lowance,

Epistle Dedicatory.

lowance, and Applause : And since a P O E T can no better way express his Gratitude, than by an humble Address and Dedication of his Endeavors, be pleased, My Lord, to accept this Book, as a Tribute due to uncommon Merit ; and as an Offering of Thanks, for the Value Your Lordship is pleased to set on P O E T R Y in General.

My Lord, You not only Grace and Dignifie my unworthy *Poems* by Your Noble Patronage, but are an Honor to the Age You live in, by shewing such an Example ; the Love and Inclination You have to Wit and Ingenuity, sufficiently demonstra-
ting

Epistle Dedicatory.

ting your Own Worth, for since nothing can more Illustrate a Young Nobleman, than Arts and Sciences; You have taken the securest way by Encouraging them to declare your Heart is not set upon the Vanities of the World, so much, as to slight or neglect the more solid Treasures of the Soul, Knowledge and Learning.

Your Observations also in your Travels, have given you a greater Estimate than others have acquired of the same Rank, you have brought home more than your Self again, Embellishments of Languages, together with a Survey of the Manners

Epistle Dedicatory.

and Customs of the People, and not like that raw empty-headed Tribe, of whom a famous Antique Author Writes thus,

----- *A Sordid Crew,*
Who when they Travail to become rare Men,
Return Improv'd with a new foppish Suit,
Their Brains lie with their Taylor's, and get fancies
To play the Fool next day in ; he's sole Heir,
To all the moral Vertues, that first greets
The light with a new Fashion, which becomes 'em
Like Monkeys, cover'd with the Garbs of Men.

Your Lordship has likewise been at Rome, without daubing your Self with her Rag of Superstition, or letting your Judgment be impos'd upon by the Adulterated Sophistry of Priests and Jesuits : In a Word, My Lord,
you

Epistle Dedicatory.

you have begun your Race so well, that it would appear direct Malice or Stupidity in any one to doubt proceedings answerable through your Course of Life to come.

I must beseech your Lordship not to let a decent *Encomium* sound harshly in your Ear, nor think these Assertions flattery, and only natural to Dedications, which are really the just effect of your own Merit, and of my Observation of you, your obliging and easie Temper, affable and unaffected Behavior, endearing all that have the honor to know ye as well as my self, the Continuance of which Happiness, and

Epistle Dedicatory.

the speedy crowning of your
Years to come with blessings, in
the possession of a Noble and
Beautiful Partner, shall be the
greatest Joy and Satisfaction ima-
ginable to,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

most intirely devoted

humble Servant,

T. Durfey.

PREFACE.

NOT being able to Excuse my self from the Importunity of some Persons of Quality, and others of my best Friends, whose obliging Requests, as well as generous Subscriptions, have been the chiefest Reasons of my publishing the following Sheets; it would be an unpardonable Fault, and indeed a Presumption in me not to beg the unbiass'd and Impartial Reader, to favor them with his good Nature, and wink at the many Errors and loose Writing in several of them, some having been written many Years ago, and upon low Subjects, especially the two Burlesque Letters, which were written for a Friend in haste, and upon a Subject given me. The Ladies too I must beg to Pardon me for a loose Copy or two, particularly, Phillidor's Tale of a True Intrigue, Page 40. which was turn'd into Verse from the Story which the Gentleman
him-

PREFACE.

himself told me, and though the Freedom of it may disoblige some of the Nicest of the Fair Sex, who will be noted to understand more than they should, yet 'tis my hope, that the more Judicious will only look upon it as it is, a piece of Mirth, and a natural Description of a Comical Accident, or else, which is much better, forbear looking on it at all, and so be accounted extraordinary for suppressing a Curiosity, which it was never known a Woman was Capable of doing before. In Collections of this Nature, both good and bad, wanton and serious, generally mix, though not with the Author's liking, yet for the Stationer's advantage of swelling the Book, in which, I hope, there are some others that will make amends, viz. The Essay in Defence of Verse, The Elegy on the Duke of Ormond; The Dream; The Ode to the King, Page 180, &c. which have had the good Fortune to be approv'd of and commended by some of the best Judges of Poetry these latter Ages have produc'd; and will, I hope, find the same success with the Ingenious Reader; Though I must confess the first is a Theme of that Value, that it were fitter

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PREFACE.

ter to employ the Inimitable Pen of Mr. Dryden, than any Poet of a meaner Class, the Sordid Enemies of this Noble Art being so numerous, and consequently the defence of it so much the more difficult; This has given me occasion to recount in the aforesaid Essay the nature of the Criticks and Judges of the former Golden Age, and compare them with our present Iron one, viz.

The Sober Criticks were all Judges then,
And what they cavill'd at, could well maintain :
Instruction, and not Envy fill'd their Minds;
The Wits, and would be Wits, were different kinds :
Reason and Judgment founded their Disputes,
And *Orpheus* there was safe amongst the Brutes;
But here where Routs of Bachanals do throng;
Alas, what *Orpheus* can defend his Song! &c.

most of our Town Wits Criticising upon Poetry, not through any solid Understanding they have of the matter, but to insinuate a Value of their Eminent Parts into some unheeding Auditor, that easily could, but thinks it loss of time to contradict them.

Thus has dejected Poetry, in this Age, very few or no real Friends; Those that judicially
can

PREFACE.

can correct Errors, being modestly unwilling to expose them, and those that cannot, most impudently too forward in pretending to it; like a Country Clown at Cudgels with a Master of Defence, still striking without Fear or Wit, though at every blow the Blood runs about his own Ears, through his want of Skill, and ridiculous Rashness.

The Odes and Songs that I have here publish'd, have, I thank my Fortune, as well as those formerly printed, generally pleas'd the Town, and though some may appear a little rough and unpolish'd in the Reading, the amends is made when they are Sung, for I have still taken care to put some Fancy and Thought in them, and the Judicious are sensible that 'tis no easie matter, nor is it every one's Talent to confine Sense and smooth Verse to Notes, the quality of performing it well, being as particular as difficult.

It does not, thank my Stars, afflict me much to know, that a certain very unweildy Author of this Age, has been this Ten Years pecking at me about this matter, though with as little Success as he had Reason to do so, I having no Correspondency with him, nor to the
best

PREFACE.

best of my Memory, have any of our Brethern ever given him any occasion to shew the scurrility of his Satyr, in expressing himself in such Tropes as these, Fellows of no Genius, yelping Curs, Parasites, Knaves, &c. nor does it concern us at all to know whether Poetitto or Poetdungus, be the best name for a comical Author, we have, I think, two ways to expound him, and I suppose he is pleased to new baptize us, either for diminutive Wits, or Persons: if for the first we must comfort our selves, and be instructed as well as we can; but for my own part if he lashes me for want of shape, that I confess from him troubles me extremely.

I am not very uneasie neither to have it judg'd whether my Grubstreet Songs, as he hints at them, or his late Grubstreet Anniversary Ode be the most notorious, or in his own Phrase, most like the Stile of Tom Farthing: I know what the Town says. And since it has sufficiently expos'd its own defects, I shall think my Injury reveng'd to the full, and therefore rest satisfied till farther Provocation.

There is no Passion incident to Humanity
of

PREFACE.

of so low and base a degree as Malice, which I could lash to the quick; nor would the Title of Poet Laureate, and Historiographer Royal, at all deter me from a just Resentment, if I had not an awful Veneration for that noble Patron of Wit and Poetry, whose Indulgence and excellent Nature has been the occasion of bestowing so great a Bounty where it is, and I shall rather believe it the just reward of Merit and Loyalty, as some would fain have it thought, than doubt in the least the Justice or Judgment of a Noble Man, belov'd, reverenc'd, and admir'd, by all that ever had any true Pretences to Wit or Learning.

And now, I think, 'tis time to beg the Reader's Pardon for this Prolixity, which I could not avoid having been so often affronted without any cause given, and once more desire his Favor on the following Sheets, with a faithful Promise, that when next I trouble the Press it shall be on a Subject that shall less tire his Patience, and give him much more Diversion.

Vale.

ERRATA.

PAge 23. l. 12. for *adjsurd* read *absurd* : p. 31. l. 2. because no praise, read since no just praise : pag. 36. l. 7. fatal strife, read fate at strife : p. 129. l. 13. may, read much : p. 130. l. 5. may, read much : p. 137. l. 13. Ears, read Tears : p. 145. l. 4. is, read are : p. 149. l. 9. solely, read vilely : p. 166. l. 11. fawn'd, read fann'd.

T H E T A B L E.

- A** *New Essay in defence of Verse, with a Satyr upon the Enemies of Poetry,* Page 1.
- An Ode to the Queen, excellently set to Musick; by M. H. Purcel.* p. 19.
- The Author answers his Friend who blames him for not singing when desired, he contradicts the Third Satyr of Horace, beginning with Omnibus hoc vitium est Cantoribus inter Amicos, &c. He defends Tigellius, and proves that Horace had no actual Skill in vocal Musick,* p. 22.
- To the Right Honorable the Earl of Radnor on his Marriage.* p. 28.
- To a Lady twitting him with his being peevish, and having ill Humors.* p. 32. *A Parallel.* p. 35.
- To the Right Honorable the Lady E. R. upon her finding a Spider in her Bed.* p. 37. *Phillidor's Tale of a true Intrigue.* p. 40.
- A Lash at Atheists; the Poet Speaking as the Ghost of a Quondam Libertine, supposed to be the late E. of R. reflects on that part of Seneca's Troas, beginning at Post mortem nihil est ipsaque Mors nihil, &c.* p. 54. *To Cynthia.* p. 59.
- Prologue by way of Satyr spoken before King Charles II. at New-Market.* p. 60.
- Epithalamium on the Marriage of the Right Honorable the Lady Essex Roberts.* p. 63.
- Paid for Peeping; a Poem occasion'd by a Peeping hole into a Chamber where a beautiful young Lady lodged, through which, undiscovered, I could observe all her Actions.* p. 67. *Song.* p. 74.
- Against Free Will.* p. 76. *A Song.* p. 77.
- A Song by way of Dialogue between a Town Spark and his Miss.* p. 78.
- To Cynthia, a Song.* p. 79.
- A Mock Song to, when first Amintor Su'd for a Kiss, &c.* p. 80.
- Epilogue to the Opera of Dido and Æneas, perform'd at Mrs. Priests Boarding-School at Chelsey. spoken by the Lady Dor. Burke.* p. 82.
- Loves Revenge; a Song admirably set by Dr. John Blow.* p. 84.
- Epsom Wells; a Satyr by way of Dialogue between Critick and Fame.* p. 86.
- Prologue*

The CONTENTS.

<i>Prologue spoken by M. Haines to Trapolin, or a Duke and no Duke.</i>	p. 88.
<i>An Elegy on the Death of that true Perfection of Beauty and Goodness the Lady Essex Speccot, who died of the Small-Pox after her Marriage.</i>	p. 91.
<i>An Ode to my much honored friend Sir Thomas Garrard, Baronet, upon his Climacterical Year.</i>	p. 97.
<i>The King's Health; a Catch sung in parts.</i>	p. 98.
<i>A Letter written for a Friend to one in Town, being a Satyr on Ding-boy, and a Rampant Widow, 1685.</i>	p. 100.
<i>To the Right Honorable the Lady Olympia R. on her Genius in Poetry.</i>	p. 110.
<i>An Epilogue intended for the 3 Dukes of Dunstable, and to be spoken by M. Monford, in a long Presbyterian Cloak.</i>	p. 112.
<i>Another intended for the same.</i>	p. 115.
<i>The Dream, or Celladon's Complaint of Morpheus to the Assembly of the Gods.</i>	p. 116.
<i>To Cinthia.</i>	p. 129.
<i>A Letter written for a Lady in answer to a Friend.</i>	p. 130.
<i>The Farmer's Daughter, a Song set to a Pleasant Scotch Tune.</i>	p. 132.
<i>Epithalamium on the Marriage of the Lord Morpeth with the Lady Ann Capel.</i>	136.
<i>A Song.</i>	138.
<i>Another set to a pleasant Scotch Tune.</i>	p. 139.
<i>The Moralift, a Song.</i>	p. 141.
<i>The old Fumbler; a Song set by Mr. Henry Purcel.</i>	p. 142.
<i>A Dialogue between Philander and Silvia, set to an excellent Scotch Tune.</i>	p. 143.
<i>Second Burlesque Letter.</i>	p. 145.
	p. 159.
<i>An Ode translated from Anacreon.</i>	p. 160.
<i>To Chloris, a Song.</i>	p. 162.
<i>To pretty Mrs. H. D. An Ode upon the sight of her Picture standing amongst others at Mr. Knellers; and excellently set to Musick by Mr. Henry Purcel.</i>	p. 162.
<i>To Chloris, An Ode set to the new Riggadon.</i>	p. 164.
<i>An Elegy on the death of the great Duke of Ormond.</i>	p. 165.
<i>Eppigram on the Sacred Memory of that glorious Patron of Poets, greatest and best of Monarchs King Charles II. written 1686.</i>	p. 175.
<i>An Elegy on the late Holy Father Pope Innocent the 11th.</i>	p. 177.
<i>To the King, an Ode on his Birth day.</i>	p. 180.
<i>The Scotch Virago; a Song sung to the Queen at Kensington, the words made to a pretty Scotch Tune.</i>	p. 183.
<i>To Chloris, a Song, the words made to the Tune.</i>	p. 185.
<i>A Catch in 3 parts set by Mr. Henry Purcel, and taken from the Lark of Buchanan.</i>	p. 186.
<i>A Poem Panegyricall on his Grace the D. of Albemarle.</i>	p. 187.
<i>Mr. Haine's second Recantation, a Prologue.</i>	p. 204.

A NEW

ESSAY

In Defence of

VERSE,

With a SATYR

Upon the Enemies of

POETRY.

What time was ever blest to that degree
As that fam'd golden Age of Poetry?

When th' Oaken Garland, and the Laurel Crown
Flourish'd, as equal Trophies of Renown.

B

When

When Great *Augustus* did the Scepter weild,
 And glittering Arts th' Imperial Crown did guild,
 Poets and Heroes alike honour'd were,
 The one to do great deeds, the other to declare.
Horace, and *Ovid*, charm'd the Courtly throng ;
 Majestick *Mars* sung his lofty Song,
 And by the Worlds great Monarch * was so grac'd,
 The awful Bard he on his right Hand plac'd.
 Nay even the lesser Genius was not scorn'd,
 But each to his desert with praise adorn'd ;
 From *Pindar's* height, to *Cinna's* low degree,
 Some Honor still was done to Poetry.
 The Nation cherish'd each Harmonious strain,
 And Tuneful Numbers charm'd each Infant Brain :
 Whilst jocond *Muses* Danc'd about their Spring,
 And *Cæsar's* glories did to *Cæsar* Sing.

* *Suetonius* writes of *Augustus*, that he was not only an extraordinary lover of the ingenious Authors of that Age, but also an excellent Poet himself: he once writ a bitter Satyr against a Poet, who durst return no answer, only saying, *Periculosum est in eum scribere, qui potest proscribere.*

Momus his malice was asham'd to use ;
Nor durst discountenance a bashful Muse.
The sober Criticks were all Judges then,
And what they cavill'd at, could well maintain.
Instruction, and not Envy, fill'd their minds ;
The Wits, and would be Wits, were diff'rent kinds.
Reason and Judgment founded their Disputes,
And *Orpheus* there was safe amongst the Brutes ;
But here where Routs of *Bachanals* do throng,
Alas, What *Orpheus* can defend his Song !
In this lewd Age, each raw pert callow Chit,
Drunk with the fumes of undigested Wit ;
As much by Wine inspir'd to play the Fool :
One that a month before was whipt at School
For grovelling Dulness, with inveterate force
Shall dare to back the Muses soaring Horse.
So Maggots bred by the Suns Genial Eye,
I'th' Morning Crawl, and before Evening Fly.
How, Sacred Art, shall I thy fame disperse !
How shall I sing the dignity of Verse !

From whence the sweetness of each Language
springs,
By which of Heavenly Gods, and Conquering
Kings,
Are writ, in mighty Numbers, mighty things,
Extracted from the Flowers of every Tongue,
The Artful Poet frames his pleasing Song.
Like Bees, by Heaven inspir'd to influence
The World, with Works unknown to vulgar sence,
And does from Powers Divine a gift receive,
The Crowd may Emulate, but nee'r atcheive.
'Tis this that does their sordid Spleens Alarm,
Unskill'd in th' Magick, tho they feel the Charm.
Tho Tuneful Verse delights each clodded Brain;
Poet, and Science both, all Fools disdain.
Fools ever hate an Art they can't attain.
With black reproach they a fam'd Work defile,
Despise the Vertue, and abhor the Stile,
And Books adorn'd with Jems of Learning Spoil.

So have I seen a Brute tread down and tear
A Laurel, he could ne'er deserve to wear.

Thus is Instruction lost, for to what end
Is found Reproof to such as cannot mend.

Ignorance, in Ages past, a Curse has bin,
But in our time 'tis grown a wilful sin.

Now Fortune, not Desert, acquires Mens fame :
He that best knows to *Crimp shall win the Game

Time-serving Parasites prefer'd shall be,
Of any Nation, Notion, or Degree,

But the Poetick Loyal Fool like me.
In vain is Study, useless is the School,

Since every Art's abus'd by every Fool,
Where Verse has not the power to Influence,

What method ever can reform the Sence ?
What would a *Cato*, or a *Virgil* be,

Johnson, or *Shakespeare*, to the Mobile ?
Or how would *Juvenal* appear at Court,

That writing Truth had his Bones broken for't ?

* A Cant amongst Gamesters, signifying a Cheat.

When times are so corrupt they cannot bear
 Reproof, it is a sign Confusion's near:
 And when harmonious Poetry design'd
 To calm wild griefs, and still the stormy mind;
 And by a soft and pleasing Elegance,
 The sweets of Artful Rhetorick t'advance,
 Is by the Town decry'd, it does declare
 Folly, and not Philosophy Rules there.

Yet though good Writing be a gift sublime;
 How do the Poetafters of the time;
 Debauch the Science still with Dogmal Rhime.
 Ne'er heeding what degrees of Nonsence swell;
 The guilty Lines, if they but Jingle well.
 'Tis Rhime the Readers reason must controul,
 Rhime is the Sence, the Substance, and the Soul.
 In-a whole Poem let no Wit be found,
 If every Couplet end the with same sound.
 Poets, that justly would their fame advance,
 Should make Rhimes fall as if they came by chance.

A Tuneful word the Verse more sweet to make,
And not as studied for the Meeters sake.
Such chiming still from solid dulness springs,
Rhimers and Poets are vast diff'rent things.
Verses with Rhime, are proper several ways,
In great Heroicks, Satyrs, and Essays,
But most ridiculous when tag'd in Plays.
First from the Siege of *Rhodes* that method sprung,
And there most fitly since the Verse was sung.
But your stiff *Herods*, or *Cambises* strains,
Your *Maximins*, or hot *Almanzors* veins,
Show rather than the Wit, the heat of Brains.
Since Nature bears chief Rule in Poetry,
Than this, what more unnatural can be?
To hear a King, in Rhime express his Rage,
Or for his Cloak, in Verse to ask his Page.
A Lady too in sounding Numbers tell,
How oft she took a Glister, and how well.
Such stuff the Reader every day may meet,
Too silly, and too tedious to repeat.

Verse without Rhime delightful may appear,
 Where Sence in equal Measures charms the Ear.
 This first to use Seraphick *Milton* brought :
 And great *Roscommon* since has better taught,
 Who more Correct than any of our times,
 Oft show'd, true Reason had no use of Rhimes :
 Patron of Verse, thy soul on Earth did move,
 In the same glory now it shines above.

Kindle in me, oh mighty *Bard*, thy fire,
 And with thy powerful Art my Muse inspire.
 So the wrong'd Sisters shall their griefs disperse,
 And th' Age reform by my Satyrick Verse :
 Whilst the wise few, do in this mirror see
 The sordid enemies of Poetry.
 First the Town Fop, in modern Stile, the *Beau*,
 Inspir'd by learn'd *Pontack*, or wise *Grilleau* :
 Dress'd like a Wax-Work-Baby in a Glass,
 That wasts the Morn consulting his odd Face.
 Studies his Stockins with a pensive Head,
 To know which best becomes, the Green or Red ;

And

And Patches cuts, sented with Amber-Greife,
 To hide the Rubies in his pudled Phiz :
 Is one that does to Poetry worst spite,
 By the pretences that he has to write,
 Flush to *Wills* Coffee House he comes each
 night.
 Confirm'd those Wits are all charm'd with his parts,
 As with his *Beau Visage* the Ladies Hearts.
 To prove this, straight some Poem is inspected,
 And by this Farrier barb'rously dissected :
 The mirth goes round, the Paper they condemn,
 Some at the Verses laugh, and more at him ;
 But that's not heeded by his grinning Crew,
 Fools always laugh, when e'er their fellows do :
 And when a Jest is put, each has a pride
 To think whoever laughs 'tis on their side.
 Thus 'tis not known which Verse is good or bad,
 Because this Fop the Criticism made :
 For all the Wise owe Poetry a grudge,
 When such as he pretend to Write, or Judge.

His

His praise is fatal still, and if he Reads,
The Martyr'd Poem still the worse succeeds.
So Rats, that build in Country Barns their Nest,
Part of the Corn devour, and spoil the rest.
Such Fops as this the Poet's fame expose ;
This still is one of their invet'rate Foes :
His managing the state of Verse so ill,
On the whole Science brings a scandal still.
In vain, alas, toils the aspiring Drudge :
'Tis only Wit, that Wit can Write, or Judge.
A Jewel rated at a price so high,
That few have stock of Brains enough to buy,
Yet all aim at the Gem to make 'em fine ;
Nay, rather than they'll not be thought to shine :
Deck'd with dull Pebbles, not true Warts of Rocks,
Th' appear like Mrs. *H——ton* in a Box.

Tho Wit, within it self, a Beauty be,
'Tis still more charming dress'd in Poetry :
A Robe, which is by Heavens peculiar care,
Design'd for very, very few to wear.

For as an awkward, ill bred, Country Clown,
From his dull Parents newly come to Town:
Though his Court Taylor racks his Brain to dress
The Booby, and set off his silly Face,
Yet all find out the brutish soul within,
The Ass is seen for all the Lions skin.
So th' noisie Bully that oft plagues the Pit,
Tho dress'd in the cast Robes of antick Wit,
The braying *Momus* is not hid from view,
For the dull Ears will still be peeping through.

The next ill Tribe that Poetry disgrace,
Is, to their shame, amongst the Female race:
A wanton sort of Town Coquets there are,
That Poets hate, because they Poets fear.
Wholesom Reproof, like Age, still comes too soon,
And worse than the Small-Pox, is a Lampoon.
For tell but *Lais* there's a Satyr writ,
Struck with a conscious guilt she leaves *Basset*.
Tears each *Alpieu*, hates even dear *Sonica*,
And against Poets does with rage inveigh.

Rogues,

Rogues, to expose her faults to all the Town,
And make th' intreigue with the dear Coachman
known.

What though to wanton Plays she'll railing come,
Yet Act each night far lewder Scenes at home ?
What though her fame is known so well abroad,
The Court and Town can prove her Whore and
Bawd ?

Yet if she Prim and swear she's very Chast,
Shall homely Satyr dare to spoil the jest ?
When she has bosom Friends, to prove untrue
Each Amorous slip, though done in open view.
For whether she's a Devil, or a Saint,
As Woman-kind, she can no Party want.

Vertue on single Innocence depends,

But favourite Vice is stor'd with many Friends.

Howe'r of these, a numerous Tribe there are,
We have (thank Heaven) some for desert as rare :
Though *Lais* does the Poets Art abuse,
Divine *Asteria* dignifies a Muse.

Souls most Divine, inspiring Verse approve,
Verse that improves the Saints in Songs above,
Of charming Honor, and more charming Love.
And as she, sweetest of that lovely kind,
An Angels Body, with an Angels mind,
In Beauties Synod takes the formost place,
Excelling all in Feature, as in Grace :
So does her Wit each fond admirer warm,
And with her killing Eyes has equal Charm.
In her dear Breast, the Arts will flourish still,
There lies no Malice, nor there wants no Skill ;
Her Divine Soul enjoys a blest Repose,
And, except gentle Love, no Passion knows :
Nor that, but in so awful a degree,
'Twere fitter stil'd a Heavenly Charity.
In vain her Vertue, Envy seeks to stain :
The horny Satyr lifts his Scourge in vain.
Instead of finding Vice he might reprove,
The Monster kneels, and sighs, and falls in Love.

Like

Like her, each Soul embellish'd with desert,
That Sacred Learning loves, applauds this Art.
But besides these I have expos'd to view,
There are a third, dull, dosing, canting Crew ;
'T hat Noble Sciences so little heed,
Their Clodpate Off-spring scarce are bred to Read.
Hence 'tis that by the curse of vacant Brains,
So many whimsies in the Nation raigns :
Hence Pipe and Tabor, Hum and Buz, are priz'd,
And each inspiring Muse as much despis'd.
With little Band, and piqued Beard, new prun'd,
Their Brains unsettled, and their Souls untun'd :
They fordidly the generous Art decry,
And from Tub Pulpits knock down Poetry.

The Swordman, yet unmark'd with honor'd Scar,
Routs Poets too, with Criticisms of War :
I mean the Spark that Whores, Drinks, Games,
and Swears,
Whose Valour more in Scarf, than Man appears :

One whose hot Brain, believes, that if he be
 Inclin'd to Wit, Religion, Modesty,
 A Scholar, and a friend to Poetry;
 'Tis the next way, his Credit to abuse,
 His Honor and Commission both to lose.
 Ah, Dunce, look back on glorious ancient times,
 And see how Arts the Martial Soul sublims.
 See there a Race of Conquering Emperors,
 With Sciences improve their idle hours:
 Wise * *Antoninus*, † *Nerva*, *Adrian*,
 Great *Julius*, and Ador'd *Vespasian*,
 Thought it a luster to their dignity,
 T' advance, and be well skill'd in Poetry.
 How brutish then must be that grovelling Race,
 That to bright knowledge ne'er erect their Face,
 But with the down-look'd Herd unminded
 Graze.

* *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*, was Surnamed *Philosophus*, not only for his knowledge, but also practice of Philosophy; and was observed to have often in his Mouth that speech of *Plato*, *Tunc florent Respublicæ quando Philosophus Regit, vel Rex Philosophatur.*

† This Emperor was also very Eloquent, and a good Poet, as Martial testifies of him, *vid.* his Epigram of him, lib. 11. Epig. 6.

Quanta quies placidi tanta est facundia Nerva,

And

And how secure are Arts, and Sciences,
Though darted at by such weak foes as these.
What though the name of Poet, in the vogue
O'th' Mobile, is full as bad as Rogue,
As wretched, and as scandalous to them,
As if, he were for some vile Theft Condemn'd.
Desert should smile, rather than take offence,
They act according to their Dole of Sence.
Wit will be still a Jem, though slighted by a Clown,
As Roses will be sweet, tho Asses tread 'em down:
Or if, which is their greatest infamy,
A Poet's general state is Poverty.
As those that slight the World, t'inrich the Mind,
From thence small favour can expect to find:
Suppose no Sun shines on him from the Court,
His Labours to reward, or Life support;
Suppose he is deceiv'd in some redress,
As if he's honest, ten to one he is;
Philosophy does his ill Stars controul,
And far above the vulgar seats his Soul.

Besides,

Besides, *Mecænas* will be still alive,
 And bountious *Cesar* every Age survive.
 Some *Albem—le*, or *Dor—tt*, will be found;
Eff—x, or *Car—le*, with true merit Crown'd,
 By grateful Poets deathless Verse renown'd:
 That o'r the bladder'd Crowd will make 'em swim,
 And lift their sinking Heads above the stream.
 Hail, therefore, Patrons of the Muses all,
 Low at your Feet the Nine do humbly fall.
 You that their Works with generous pleasure see,
 And shine upon the Flowers of Poetry,
 Encourage Satyr, that exposes Crimes,
 And Version praise for Wit, and not for Rhimes:
 To you, with them, I dedicate my part,
 A weak defender of a Noble Art:
 Glad of applause from Judges, but not griev'd
 If by the Crowd my Lines are not receiv'd.
 Heaven does Mankind to different Wits condemn;
 The Vulgar hate me, and I pity them:

But when I with a Man of Judgment meet,
Or with a virtuous Lady, that has Wit,
My Breast entire, between 'em both they part,
He has my faithful Service, she my Heart.
For blasted be my Muse, when it shall dare
To wrong a worthy Friend, or hurt the Fair.

AN

An O D E
TO THE
Q U E E N.

I.

HIGH on a Throne of Glittering Ore
Exalted by Almighty Fate,
Out-shining the bright Gem she wore;
The gracious *Gloriana* sat.

II.

AN The dazzling Beams of Majesty
Too fierce for mortal Eyes to see,
She veil'd, and with a smiling Brow,
Thus taught th' admiring World below.

C 2

III.

III.

Virtue is still the chiefest good,
And power, should only, be her dress,
State, is a Fever to the Blood;
Free Conscience is the solid Bliss:

IV.

Glory is but a flattering Dream
Of Wealth, that is not, though it seem:
False vision, whose vain Joys do make
Poor Mortals poorer, when they wake.

V.

The fawning Crowd of Slaves, that bow
With Praise, could n'er my Sense controul;
Vast Pyramids of State seem low,
So much above it sits my Soul.

VI.

She spake, whilst Gods unseen that stood,
Admiring one so great so good,

Flew

Flew straight to Heaven, and all along,
Bright *Gloriana* was their Song.

Returnel.

Bright *Gloriana* all along,
Bright *Gloriana* was their Song.

C 3

The

The Author answers his Friend, who blames him for not singing, when desired, he contradicts the Third Satyr of Horace, beginning with Omnibus hoc vitium est Cantoribus inter Amicos, &c. He defends Tigellius, and proves that Horace had no actual Skill in Vocal Musick.

IF this strange Vice in all good Singers were,
 As the admir'd *Horace* does declare,
 That when desir'd, tho bless'd with Health and Ease
 Their choicest Friends they still deny to please,
 Yet if unask'd shall rudely Sing so long,
 To tire 'em quite with each repeated Song:
 I strongly then should take his Satyr's part,
 Lash the Performers, and despise their Art.
 But having studied long enough to be
 A little knowing in that quality:

I soon perceiv'd when I his Version met
 'Twas more from Prejudice, than Judgment writ.
 And *Horace* was in his Reproof more free,
 Because *Tigellius* was his Enemy,
 Whose resty Vice must bear this fierce Assault
 Whilst all the rest are lash'd for one man's Fault.
 Satyr should never take from Malice aid,
 For with due Reverence to *Horace* paid,
 Who rails at Faults through personal prejudice,
 Shews more his own, than shames another's Vice;
Tigellius, as his Character is plain,
 Was of a Humour most adfurd and vain,
 Fantastick in his Garb, unsettled in his Brain.
 And if (as once great **Cesar* he deny'd
 When ask'd to Sing) 'twere the effect of Pride:
 Lictors and Fasces should have bluntly taught
 The Fool to know th' Obedience that he ought.

* 'Tis reported of him, that *Augustus* once earnestly desiring him to sing, was deny'd.

But if *Augustus* his Commands did lay
When th' Geni^{us} was not able to obey;
As oft with Singers it will happen so,
According as their Joys or Troubles grow;
'Twas no Offence then to excuse his Art,
The Soul untun'd makes discord in each part.
And Monarchs can no more give vocal Breath
Than they can hinder when Fate summons, death;
Though kind Compliance Singers ought to use,
They often have just Reasons to refuse;
A pleasure lov'd by one, is lik'd by more,
Suppose, Sir, I have Sung too much before,
Made my self hoarse, and even rack'd my Throat
To please some Friend, with some fine treble Note;
Chance does me then to you and others bring,
The second Complement, is prithee sing;
I swear I — Can't, can't say you, that's find sport;
But all good Singers are so hard to Court:
Come, come, you must, here's Ladies beg, not I,
What Soul so dull as Beauty can deny?

To make excuse then, modestly I tell
How hoarse I am, with what that day befell,
'Tis all in vain, you rail, I'm thought a Clown,
And *Omnibus hoc vitium* knocks me down.
I often have, ('tis true) to sing deny'd;
But not through resty Vanity, or Pride;
But that perhaps I had been tir'd before,
Untun'd and ill, not able to sing more,
Or that an hour of Infelicity
Has rob'd my Soul of usual Harmony;
Yet all's the same th' old Saw is still repeated,
You Singers long to be so much intreated,
Though at that time to me no Joy could fall
Greater, than not to have been ask'd at all;
Th' Harmonious Soul must have her Humour free,
Consent of parts still makes best Harmony.
We read the *Jewish* Captives could not Sing
In a strange Land, rul'd by a Foreign King;
Contentment the melodious Chord controuls,
And Tunes the Diapason of our Souls:

What

What makes a Cobler Chirp a pleasant part
At his hard Labour, but a merry Heart ;
He sings when ask'd, or bluntly else denies,
According to his share of Grief or Joys.
Thus the same Accidents to us befall,
And that which tun'd the Cobler tunes us all ;
But if against our Will we thrash out Songs,
For singing then is Thrashing to the Lungs ;
The blast of airy Praise we dearer get,
Than Peasants do their Bread, with toil and sweat
To sleep at your command is the same thing,
As when y'are ill or vext in mind to sing,
And though Performance ne'r so easie show,
As it has Charms it has Vexations too,
And th' Singers Plague'tis none but Singers know. }
How often have I heard th' unskilful say,
Had I a Voice by Heaven I'd sing all day ;
But with that Science had he been endow'd,
And was to sing, when ask'd, or be thought proud,

When

When weary, hoarse, or vext, not to deny,
But at all Seasons with all Friends comply,
He'd then blame *Horace* full as much as I;
Whose want of Knowledge in the Vocal Art
Made him last all, for one man's mean desert:
For had he the Fatigue of Songsters known,
And judg'd their Inconvenience by his own;
Tigellius only had Correction met,
And *Omnibus hoc vitium* ne'r been writ.

TO

TO THE
 Right HONOURABLE
 THE
 Earl of RADNOR
 ON HIS
 MARRIAGE.

IF my faint Genius does not reach that height
 It ought, your Fortune to congratulate,
 Be pleas'd, my Lord, to take this for excuse,
 That 'tis the *Inter-regnum* of a Muse.
Apollo frowns upon each drooping Son,
 And Sadness crowns the Bowls of *Hellicon*,
 The Mounting *Pegasus*, that late could fly,
 Trap'd with gay Thought, and fancy through the
 Sky,

In

In her swift Course now the bold Soldier dares
To stop, and back, and manage for the Wars.
Strange turns of State disturb the peaceful Nine,
And with the rest of the sad Muses, mine;
Such solid Grief does all *Parnassus* sway,
There scarce was Joy the Coronation day,
Pardon a Homely Genius then ill drest,
That dares approach without a Nuptial Vest
To wish you Joy, which though not polish'd here,
Nor mirthfully, adorn'd is yet sincere;
Poets, like Plants, flourish when shin'd upon,
But wither and decay without the Sun.
So Renown'd *Ovid*, when in Court preferr'd,
For lofty Verse was by all *Rome* rever'd;
But when disgrac'd he did to *Pontus* go,
His Fate was humble, and his Stile was low :
Like him undone, forgotten and distress'd,
I wander'd when your Theme my Muse possess'd;
But then, like Atoms, thought did solid grow,
And Sparks of the old fire began to glow.

Your

Your new-gain'd Happiness inspir'd my Pen
In spite of all resolves to write agen ;
Your Virtues next inform'd my Memory,
Your Noble Nature, Love to Poetry,
That dares encourage Verse you find sublime,
Unsway'd by the Opinion of the time,
And own, like *Athens* once, in Wit are Charms,
And Arts should Grace a State as well as Arms,
There honour'd with a part of publick sway,
Poets were by the Senate held in pay;
But here in our Reform'd wise warlike Isle,
Their choicest Labours are not worth a Smile :
Another Herd have rush'd into our Fold,
And our new brood of Wits devour'd the old,
A decent Praise to mighty worth is due,
And only such, my Lord, I pay to you.
To the few Patrons of true Sense I fly,
And beg a Genius at their Feet may lye,
More us'd to Satyr than to Flattery :

But

That slavish Vice I yet ne'r understood,
Nor can we flatter Merit if we wou'd,
Because no Praise can ever be too good.
When once Great *Virgil* by *Augustus* fate
To read the Work he was to dedicate,
Though Praises even extravagant did seem
Yet *Cesar* did not think he flatter'd him.
My Muse, though to his height it ought to soar,
Does only greet your Joy, and wish you more:
With grateful thanks for Honours done before,
Be pleas'd to take what Tribute I can pay,
And think, my Lord, this is my only way.

TO A
LADY,

*Twitting him with his being Peevish,
and having Ill Humours.*

I.

Tell, tell me no more that my Humors are bad
And peevishly ever displease,
If one had the Plague you would think he were
mad,
Should he rail at anothers Disease,
The Errors that to your own Questions belong;
You still to my Answers apply,
And though I have Manners to be in the wrong,
I have Reason enough to deny.

II. But

II.

But speaking offends, and to play a new part,
I'll learn of some favourite Fool,

Fools oft saying nothing, by signs win a Heart,
'Tis a fortunate thing to be dull;

Yet, Madam, how poor is the Conquest you gain,
When this shall your Reason convince

On one that has such a defect in his brain,
How vainly you lavish your Sense.

III.

From all but Loves Passions I swear I am free,
My Soul is serene as the Air,

With Pride, Envy, Hatred, I n'er could agree;
And that I'm good natur'd I swear.

But, ah, what are these when my Humors offend,
And we wrangle where ever we come,

To give my self ease, and your trouble an end,
'Twere better for me I were dumb.

D

IV. And

IV.

And now take this secret, you know me not yet,
I am and can be what I please,

Now merry, now sad, now a Fool, now a Wit,
Brisk, dull, gay, and peevish with ease,

Let Coxcombs supinely all Injuries bear,
Dull Asses for Burdens were meant,

And he that is still in one Humour I swear
Has not Courage, nor Wit to resent.

A

PARALLEL.

IN old *Italian* Prose, we read,
 A youth by Riot and fond Love undone,
 Had yet a Faulcon left of famous breed,
 His chief diversion in his fatal Need,
 And sole Companion when he left the Town.
 The Saint that did his Soul possess,
 Touch'd with a generous Sence of his distress
 Made him a Visit at his poor retreat,
 Whom his Heart nobly feasted, but, alas,
 His empty Purse could get,
 Nothing was good enough for her to eat :
 Till rack'd with Shame, and a long fruitless search,

D 2

He

He more to make his Love appear,
His darling Hawk snatch'd from the Pearch,
And dress'd it for his Dear,
Which generous Act did so intirely gain her,
She gave him all her Love and Wealth,
And nobly paid her Entertainer.
So when my Love with fatal strife
Had spent its whole Estate,
And Natures short-wing'd Hawk my Life
Was doom'd a Dish for Fate;
Divine *Olympia* chang'd the sad decree,
And with infallible Divinity,
Gave A new Being to my Soul and me.

TO

TO THE
Right HONOURABLE
THE
LADY E. R.

*Upon her finding a Spider in her
BED.*

SEE what Revenge great Love doth still
prepare

To fright and punish the relentless Fair ;
Into that Bed, where by your cruel doom,
No passionate Admirer e'er might come ;
Where Heaven on Earth no Eye but Heaven sees,
And cold Virginitie alone does freeze ;
Where Beauty blossoms, and in folded sweets,
A Body whiter than the snowy Sheets :

This black detested crawling thing was sent
From angry *Venus* for your punishment ;
This is, she cry'd, her that prophan'd my Rites,
Laugh'd at my Laws, neglected my Delights,
Flush'd with a Pride of Virtue durst withstand
Loves fiercest Darts, and Natures great Command,
Is now condemn'd by the avenging Fates,
T'a Bed-fellow, which above all she hates,
Thus *Andromeda* flourish'd in her Prime ;
Thus laugh'd at Love, and thus still lost her time,
Whilst bounteous Pity her fair Breast did warm,
The Powers above protected her from harm,
But when her Rigour to contempt presum'd
Her blooming Beauties to a Monster doom'd ;
And though the Cries of an afflicted Maid,
Brought the renown'd *Perseus* to her aid ;
Had not her Will been tun'd t'another strain
The Warrior ne'r had loos'd her from the Chain,
Love's Harmony in well tun'd Hearts appears
Alike their hopes, and still alike their fears.

No jarring Sounds the Consort can molest :
The charming Musick fills each happy Breast,
Their Wills unite, and their charm'd Souls agree,
Like two soft Flutes, when sounding in one key,
When honourable Love with humble Grace,
And Merit pleads to fill the happy space,
By your sweet side shall Spiders claim a place,
Shall Rival Insects own a Love-like ours,
And lay their sprawling filthy Limbs by yours :
Ah, Madam, then must all Mankind proclaim
'Tis punishment to you, to them a shame.
No more Adorers then of Hopes bereave,
But to your Bed some generous Love receive,
Marriage, like *Irish* Wood has such a Charm,
No Venom dares approach to do you harm :
If you would have no hated Spiders come
To Bed, let Love and Honor fill the Room.

No lasting sound of a Contentment can make

The lasting sound of a Contentment can make

Their Walls unite, and their chains and souls unite

Like two joy-bells when sounding in one key

Which makes love with love, and love with love

And more please, and more please, and more please

By your sweet self, and by your sweet self

And by their shining light, by your

And by their shining light, by your

And by their shining light, by your

And by their shining light, by your

And by their shining light, by your

And by their shining light, by your

And by their shining light, by your

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And by their shining light, by your

And by their shining light, by your

And by their shining light, by your

DARK was the Night, and not a Star
Was seen o'er all the Hemisphere,
When lately musing all alone
I rambled to a Country Town,
To heal with Balmy Love my Breast,
That had with Grief been long oppress'd;
For there two Beauteous Sisters shone,
As bright as the rejoycing Moon,
When she with full Contentment cloy'd,
Endimion in Eclipse enjoy'd.

Young

Young as the Spring, as sweet they smelt,
And soft as down of Swans they felt;
And I transported with delight,
Could boast my self chief Favourite.
Oh Happiness! too fierce to taste,
Oh Pleasure! too refin'd to last;
'Tis by thy Change, we always see
The Curse of our Mortality:
The one was fair as the first Maid,
That once for Fruit the World betray'd,
A Rosie Cheek, and such a Skin,
As well might give excuse for Sin;
If Sin were possible to be
Enclos'd in such Divinity;
The other was of browner hew,
Yet the more charming of the two;
A shape Divine, and sparkling Eye,
Her Foot, her Leg, her taper Thigh,
Her Breasts, where Kings would wish to lye,
Shew'd the soft path to killing Joy:

A solid Beauty, that would last,
Smooth, plump, and fit to be embrac'd ;
Full of Delight, as Beauties Queen
In Pleasure blooming at eighteen ;
Down her soft Neck her flowing Hair,
The best adornment of the Fair,
With lavish Bounty reach'd her Knee,
Discovering Nature's Luxury.
All Graces which Historians find,
In Books adorning VVomankind,
In these two charming Creatures shone,
Admir'd by all, excell'd by none.
Forgive me, if for Beauties sake,
I this prolix digression make ;
Since those that of its power have proof,
Can never speak its praise enough.
Know then, *Olinda*, and *Cephise*
VVere nam'd these lovely Goddesses,
A Treasure dearer than the Fleece,
Lock'd in the old *Hesperides* ;

And by as strange a Dragon kept,
 A mouldy Aunt that never slept.
 But Love that found out a device
 To blind the Giants hundred Eyes,
 When *Jove* in *Io's* snare did fall,
 Cloy'd with Embraces Conjugal;
 Soon sent a *Hermes* to my Aid,
 Who taught me how to bribe her Maid.
 She having in that happy Town
 A constant *Roger* of her own,
 Kept our Intrigue the more unknown.
 And oftner op'ned Paradise,
 Than e'er *St. Peter* with his Keys,
 Such power has praise with profit joyn'd
 To charm a Mercenary Mind.
 Suppose me then close by the door,
 Through which I often went before,
 Giving a sign to let 'em know
 A faithful Lover was below;

For

And

For both were of my Heart possess'd,
 And had by Turns chief Interest,
 The Brown, when t' other was not there,
 And when Brown absent was, the Fair,
 Thus great, thus Turk-like did I rove
 In my Seraglio of Love.

Scarce I the sign had throughly made,
 But word was brought they were in bed,
 And the old Aunt lock'd up at Prayers
 For blessings on her House Affairs.
 Then whilst I softly scal'd the Stairs,
 The trusty Wench with busie Broom
 Below, was scrubbing round the Room,
 Singing th' old Song of *Troy* betray'd,
 To hide the creaking noise I made,
 Darkness o'er all the World did sway,
 Yet led by Love I found the way
 To th' side where sweet *Olinda* lay:
 Whose charming Eyes in spite of Night,
 Like Diamonds shone with glittering light,

And

And ere she could my welcome speak
 Her Arms were twisted round my Neck,
 Whilst I a thousand Kisses stole,
 And every Kiss was worth a Soul,
 Nor did her Sister less employ
 Her Love, but with a grumbling Joy,
 Chid me for my undecent Crime
 Of vent'ring thither at that time.
 I, modestly Excuses made,
 With all the moving Words I had,
 Telling her 'twas a greater Crime
 To let my Love be slave to time,
 All times for Lovers are most fit,
 When e'er they can admission get;
 And thus with some few fallacies,
 And tenders that I thought would please,
 All Scruples thoroughly satisfy'd,
 I laid me by *Olinda's* side.

But first my dirty Shoes from feet
 I pull'd, lest they should daub the Sheet,

And

And that it never should be said
A Man in's Breeches went to bed,
I stole 'em off without offence
To Dear *Olinda's* Innocence:
Who struggling betwixt Shame and Love
To make a faint resistance strove,
Then like an eager loving Fop,
No Perruke on nor e'r a Cap,
I clung to that soft Angels side,
Close as a Bridegroom to his Bride.

Great *Ovid* in his mighty Verse
Of *Hermes*, a strange Tale declares,
How he to *Aphrodite* inclin'd,
So fervently their Bodies joyn'd.
Howe'r that Fancy might be false,
As there's no certain Truth in Tales;
'Tis here confirm'd, for we that Night
Made out the true Hermaphrodite.
Here I could wish the Reader's Thought
Would not proceed into a Fault,

By

By censuring this Extravagance,
As far as the extreme offence,
Love does a thousand Follies own,
That may be proper to be shown,
And yet the greatest not be done.
Nor would I have him seek what past
Between us more, but think the best;
Whilst I to write my Muse employ
What discontents ensu'd this Joy.

The Morning rose as fair as when
In flowry *Eden*, Spring began
To bless the first Created Man:
Aurora blush'd to be out-done
By the gay splendor of the Sun,
And coily his Embrace did shun;
Whilst he a hot and vigorous Woer
Mounts his bright Chariot to pursue her:
When I from sleep my Sences drew,
And bless'd as he my self I view,
For I had my *Aurora* too;

Who

Who whispering softly as she could,
 Her Story in my Bosom told,
 And blushing, my desires reprov'd
 With all the tenderness of Love;
 I rapt with such a Load of Charms,
 Took the dear Trembler in my Arms,
 And swore no storm of Fate should move
 The Rock of my Eternal Love:
 A thousand times her Eyes I kiss'd,
 Ten thousand more her snowy Breast;
 And so unruly were our Joys,
 Her Sister wak'ned with the Noise;
 Who with her Wit our pleasure grac'd
 In rallying on adventures past.
 But see what mutability
 Attends on transitory Joy,
 And what a slender Film does grow
 Between extremes of Mirth and Woe,
 As we of past Intrigues conferr'd
 Uncheck'd, and as we thought unheard.

Old Satan ready to devour,
Stood listning at the Chamber Door ;
The Aunt had in her early Head
Some nice occasions for her Maid,
And fearing she should wake my Dears
To call her softly crept up Stairs;
Where soon she heard their tatling noise,
Mixt with my loud Bass-Viol Voice.
Not more amaz'd lame *Vulcan* stood
When he beheld his Wife was lewd ;
Nor *Cesar*, who as Story shews
Saw his fond Girl her Fame expose
To th' Poet with the Roman Nose.
Then was Old *Grannum* at that sound,
That through her Ears her Heart did wound;
Stung with a Rage from wonder bred,
With speed she hobbles to the Bed;
But not so soon, but first I slipt
From th' outside between 'em crept,

E

Where

Where close the panting Lover lies,
Half smother'd with soft Legs and Thighs;
The Curtains straight she open threw
Exposing the poor Girls to view,
And there not finding what she look'd,
Under the Bed with Broomstick pok'd,
Then gashly round the Room she rowls
Peeping in all the Chinks and Holes.
Olinda trembling at her sight,
And almost murder'd with the fright,
Raifes herself in Bed upright,
And boldly on my Reeking Face
Sets without Complement her A——
Pressing me down so close beneath,
That I had much ado to breath;
So warm a place had cas'd my Nose,
No Mask sat ever on so close,
Nor did my Mouth at that time miss
In corner a dear Friend to kiss,

Whilst

Whilst round me nothing seem'd to be,
But Regions of Obscurity.

Bless me, thought I, sure I am now
Descending to the Shades below,
But cannot want the Golden Bough,
My bold advent'ring steps to guide,
As once the Great *Aeneas* did;
For there the Sybil stands agen,
And here's the Grove just by my Chin;
A Copps with fine thick Bushes dress'd,
Where fluttering Loves do build their Nests;
Nor need I *Styx* or *Cerberus* fear,
When that my Passport is so near.

My Fancy with these Thoughts grown big,
I reach'd my Hand to pull a Twig,
When by some Angry Demons spite
I found my self brought back to light,
For that old Hag with Rage o'er-come,
Discovering nothing in the Room;

And knowing too too well the Voice,
To think the Devil made that noise,
Not heeding what her Neices said,
Pulls all the Cloths from off the Bed,
And show'd three pair of Legs as bare,
As first they to the Mid-wife were.

Have you not in a Quarry seen
A Peasant that with Culter keen
Has digg'd beneath some hollow Stone,
And found a Nest of Snakes well grown,
Crawling and twisting all in one :
So clustering in a Knot we lay
Broadly expos'd to open day.

Imagine now you view the Scene,
Two plump white Bums my Nose between,
That from the Motions of their Fear
Had sent out an ungrateful Air,
The Aunt with Patience not endow'd,
Ready to baul for Aid a loud,

When

When in my Shirt from both I slipr,
And to the stun'd old VVoman leapt,
Swearing, if from the place she stirr'd,
She should not live to speak a word ;
Then did like Man of Honour try
To face it with a ready Lye,
Swearing like any Popish Monk,
That I last Night came thither Drunk,
And that her Neices were as free
From Guilt, as at there Infancy.
Confirming this with Vows and Oaths,
Still hastning to slip on my Cloths,
VVhich done, I scamper'd out of Door,
VVhere I could never enter more.

LASH

AT THEISTS:

The POET speaking, as the Ghost of a
Quondam Libertine, suppos'd to be the late
E. of R. Reflects on that part of Seneca's
Troas, beginning at

*Post Mortem nihil est, Ipsaq; Mors nihil
Velocis spatii meta Novissima:
Spem ponant avidi felicitati metum.
Quæris quo Faceas post Obitum loco
Quo non Nata Facient.*

INeumbred with vile Flesh, to Earth inclin'd,
Prophane Tragædian, once I wore thy Mind,
Born on the Wings of soaring Wit so high,
I thought my Soul no farther pitch could fly
Than the gay Regions of Philosophy.

The

The hot-brain'd Stag'rite in my Breast did reign,
And Sacred Prophets preach'd the Truth in vain,
Nourish'd by Logick Arts so well I knew
To vent false Reason and disguise the true:
Around my Beams the Athiests of the Times,
Like Attoms, danc'd and wanton'd in my Crimes,
Strong Vice Opinion of my Wisdom bred,
Which round the World, those false Apostles led,
Whilst scandal hourly I on Vertue threw,
Nor would be witty, unless wicked too;
All thy pernicious Tenets then I own'd,
And Wit prophane with circling Bays I crown'd,
Proud of short-sighted Reason, my design
Was still to blast the Mysteries Divine;
Defame Religion with unhallow'd wit,
And ridicule the Laws of Sacred Writ:
But Oh, you foolish, fond, and apish Crew,
Ye Learned Idiots that my Tracts pursue,
Ye crawling Worms that bask in the Suns Ray,
And yet the Suns great Maker disobey.

Pernicious Snakes that by Celestial Fire,
Reliev'd from frozen Ignorance, conspire
Against your God, and think frail Eyes can see }
Through the Arcana of the Trinity, }
Reflect how false your Notions are, by me. }
And thou, poor Heathen, that hadst wit to write,
Yet not the Truth, hadst Eyes, and yet no sight,
That wert in th' dawn of our Redemption driven
Through moral Mists to grope the way to Heaven,
Thou that with one poor glimpse of Reason blest,
Given only as distinction from the Beast ;
Prophanely dar'st affirm there nothing is
Beyond the Grave, of Misery or Bliss :
But that the Soul and Body, like a Tree,
Rest undisturb'd in Earth's Obscurity.
With me art now severely undeceiv'd
In those dam'd Tenets which we once believ'd,
Yet not believ'd, for in each vile Harrangue
The Atheist speaks he feels a secret Pang :

Poor

Poor tortur'd Conscience peeps through his disguise,
And tells the noisic hot brain'd Fool he lyes;
Thus Man more fordid than a Brute must be,
That plagu'd with the Salt Itch of Sophistry,
Forfeits his Soul, prophanes all Sacred Laws,
For the vain blast of Popular Applause.
Had Reverend *Hobbs* this Revelation mark'd
Before his dubious leap into the dark;
Had he sound Faith, before false Sence approv'd,
Moses, instead of *Aristotle* lov'd,
Eternal Vengeance had not found him then,
Nor gorg'd him with his own *Leviathan*;
Like him, or worse, once madly did I Rave
Till I had got one Foot into the Grave:
But there, as if Eternal Power had pleas'd
To shew in me that Wonders were not ceas'd;
My Guardian Angel snatch'd my Soul from Night
To the clear Paths of Everlasting Light:
Then banish'd Wisdom reassum'd my Brain,
Religious Reason took her Seat agen;

Sigh'd

I sigh'd, and trembled at the horrid view
Of my past Crimes, and scarcely could renew
Forgotten Prayer, so little good I knew,
Till heavenly Mercy down like *Manna* fell,
And true Repentance lifted me from Hell :
Thus Sickness which my Mourning Friends con-
dole
When Art could not restore my Body whole,
Prov'd the Divine Physitian of my Soul.
How deeply then my long lost Reason pris'd
The Balmy Scriptures I so late despis'd !
How poorly Tinsel-rob'd Philosophy
Appear'd when Rich Divinity was by !
And how th' Evangelists and Prophets shone
'Mongst Heathen Poets, that my Heart had won !
Gone was my doubt, the Resurrection plain,
And if there be a Fool, so vile, so vain,
That in his Head that Scruple does retain :
Let him but think what first Created Man,
Then let him be an Athiest if he can.

TO CYNTHIA.

I.

IF Beauty by Enjoyment can
Reward a Love that's true,
To bless our Patience or our Pain,
All I deserve from you.

II.

But oh, to Love too well's a Curse
Of such a strange degree,
Were my Fidelity far worse
Much happier should I be.

III.

Sad Recompence, relentless Fate
To faithful Love does give;
You'r pleas'd in being obstinate,
Whilst I in Tortures live.

IV. Like

III.

Like wretches gull'd to Foreign Shores,
I cruelly am serv'd,

Instead of Loves dear promis'd Stores
Am made a Slave and starv'd.

A

PROLOGUE,

By way of SATYR, spoke before
King CHARLES II. at
New-Market.

EXpect no more th' old fawning Prologue
way,

For the rash spleenful Poet writes to day

Something of you, Gallants, and not the Play.

Since freedom's given to each man here resorts,

He takes the privilege t' abuse your sports ;

Then

Then thus begins, this Court's a Theatre,
And every Jockey is an Actor here,
From the dull Knight up to the bawling Peer.

New-Market is in general a Place,
Made of Crimp and Chouse of Cocks and Race,
Much Noise, much Nonsense, little Wit, or Grace,
Where Men all seem as Nature had design'd 'em,
To lose their Wits, then Gallop hard to find 'em :

Pray where's the Jest, for Faith I fain would know
In Yap, hoh, pugh, they start, they come, they go,
Chattering one's Teeth the while in Frost and
Snow.

This and Fox-Hunting, th' Ancients did detest,
Where you Ride ten or twenty Miles at least,
Following the eager Chase in busie Swarms,
O'r Hedge and Ditch, ventring Legs, Necks & Arms
To kill, when at the Journeys end you come
A stinking Creature not worth bringing home :
This may be your Delight, but 'tis to me,
As th' *Monsieur* says, *Diable de Plaisir* ;

Yet

Yet one thing we must own, no Sport us found
In th' World like that, to try if Men are sound ;
Therefore all you that carry tender Fleeces,
Shun this rude Sport, or gad you'll shake to pieces;
Another thing I know is worth your Care,
Claps are all fatal in *New-Market Air* :
This caus'd an Amorous Groom that knew the
danger
Lately to Hang himself over a Manger,
And though a Vassal suffer'd this Disaster,
My Friends, 'tis Ominous to every Master.
Drink Brimmers then, Wine makes your bliss
complete,
Locker's a Loyal Fellow, let him Cheat,
Though stum'd Wine at three shillings be too dear,
Bacchus has safer Joys than *Venus* here,
Especially for you who to your cost
Kept Running Nags all the late bitter Frost.
Jesting's in fashion, 'tis the Modish way
And for Example, if you please you may
At the King's Dinner, hear 'em every day :

Jests

Tests shew a Wit, if Modestly they come,
 But such as bluntly and too high presume,
 Make Learning & good Manners quit the Room.
 Yet you all laugh, and in as pleas'd a Fit,
 As if your Panegyrick had been writ.
 So in a Village have I seen a Clown
 With broken Noddle lay the Cudgels down,
 And Sneer to feel his bloody-mangled Scull,
 As if the Blow had dignify'd the Fool.
 Jockeys, Joke on then, without fear or awe,
 Cheat on, be Friends, do any thing but draw,
 Crimp is no Treason, by *New Market Law*.

*Epithalamy on the Marriage of the
 Right Honourable the Lady Essex
 Roberts.*

I.

RUN Lovers, run before her,
 Kneel once more and adore her,
 The

The hour is passing on
When all your Joy
Below the Sky,
Will be for ever gone.

Though Sighs inflame the Air,
And thousand Eyes are Raining,
No Art nor no Complaining
Can now retrieve the Fair;
She's gone, alas, she's gone,
Then welcome sad Despair.

II.

See, *Hymen* there attending,
The God of Love descending
In *Sylvias* Fetters lies,
Not all his Art,
Could guard his Heart
From her victorious Eyes:
Whose fair, but cruel Breast,
Refus'd each Shepherd's Passion,
A Torment like Damnation,

To make *Philander* blest,
 Whilst he the happy he,
 Of Heaven is sole possesst.

VI.

Hayl then belov'd *Philander*,
 Thou blest, thou glad Commander
 Of all the World holds rare,
 Innobled Blood,
 The Wise the Good,
 The Virtuous and the Fair.

The Choice of Heavens store
 Is thrown to thy Embraces;
 Such Beauty, Wit, and Graces,
 Ne'r deck'd our Plains before,
 Nor could Fate study how
 To bless a Mortal more.

F

The

To

The HEALTH.

A Second Movement.

A DIEU to Virginitie,
That silly strange nothing, that Maids are
so fond of,

Room, Room, for the Bridegroom, he,

All Beauty's dear Trophies has now the com-
mand of:

Banish all thoughts of resty *Diana*,

Crown the full Bowl, a Health to *Lucina* !

Who ere the Year be run,

Gives the fair Bride a Son,

Able, able, to pledge his own.

Paid

Paid for Peeping :

A

P O E M,

*Occasion'd by a Peeping hole into a Chamber where
a Beautiful and Virtuous young Lady Lodg'd,
through which undiscover'd, I could observe
all her Actions.*

I.

ACTÆON thus admiring stood,
To see bright *Cynthia* bless the Flood
With her Soul charming naked Limbs:
He sigh'd, and wish'd for such a Wife,
Till Peeping cost the Fool his Life,
Not getting further off betimes.

II.

Though no such dreadful Fate I had,
Nor yet so dear for Peeping paid;

F 2

Nor

Nor felt such strange and fatal smart,
Though all my Stars propitious stood,
To save the shedding of my Blood,
Insensibly I lost my Heart.

III.

Sweet Innocence well guarded lay
To Charm my Peeping Soul away,
With Beauties penetrating Rays;
My wanton Thoughts that hop'd to see,
Something well worthy Raillery,
Were wholly taken up with Praise.

IV.

Sometimes I found her close at Pray'r,
And sometimes Combing of her Hair,
Which on her Back did curling lye;
Sometimes with Neck and Breasts all bare
She stood as she was planted there,
My Heart to Murder through my Eye.

V.

Yet shy of every Nudity,
So Modest that she seem'd to me

Of such a tim'rous bashful Soul,
As if she had discover'd been,
Or that she really had seen
Me fondly peeping through the hole.

VI.

The Satyr, as old Tales recount,
Gaz'd on *Diana* in the Fount,
Besotted with a brutish Passion:
But mine was dash'd from that degree,
For all the brutal part in me,
Was turn'd to humble Adoration.

VII.

Even I, was to Devotion bent,
Seeing that dear, that pretty Saint
With Providence so oft confer;
Yet when to Heaven I sent my Pray'r,
Before it had got half way there,
My wandring Thoughts flew down to her.

VIII.

Then sometimes smother'd Zeal would fire,
Bursting to flashes of desire,

I envied Heaven the time she pray'd;
Methought that Face, that blooming Youth,
Those lovely Eyes, that pretty Mouth,
Were for Eternal Kisses made.

IX.

Sometimes she'd laugh and talk of Love,
Sometimes on graver Matters prove,
That she well-skill'd in Books had been;
Sometimes she'd Read, and sometimes Write,
Her little Hands no Snow so white,
Nor any River-Swan so clean.

X.

Boldly, not knowing her Abuse,
She'd put her Stockings on and Shooes,
Then Roll a Garter above Knee,
Her Foot and Leg, and tempting Thigh,
And every Beauty that was by,
All carelessly expos'd to me.

XI.

And many a Sacred Sunday Morn,
Naked as ever she was born,

Ere she

Ere she was ready to be dress'd,
I've seen her put clean Linnen on,
Whilst to my greedy Eye was shown
More Beauty than can be express'd.

XII.

Children are told that Maids are free
From Nature's Liquid Quality,
Imposing thus on Childish Wit;
And Faith, had I not seen the Pot,
She was so Neat I should have thought,
She had done nothing else but spet.

XIII.

To free my self from all dispute,
This Scruple better to confute,
I once resolv'd to press more near;
But ah, here ended all my Joys,
She found my Cranny, heard my Noise,
And stood half dead 'twixt Shame and Fear.

XIV.

As in some fat and plashy Ground,
A Fowler has a Covey found,

All feeding at the Noon of day ;
By his Robust and blund'ring Noise,
The Game has rais'd, they mount the Skies,
And frightened, post with speed away :

XV.

So from that hour no Game was seen,
No Fairy Land, nor Fairy Queen,
Did ever since that time appear ;
Closestool was in the Closet shut,
The Night-shift gone, and the dear Pot,
Barb'rously hid the Lord knows where.

XVI.

No Wonders now were seen in Bed,
Before my Chink a Screen was spread,
Scarce any Light the Room adorns ;
And now ~~the~~ finest sight I had
Was *Squinty Fegue*, the dirty Maid,
In th' Chimney cutting of her Corns.

XVII.

Who such a Change did ever know,
Who but the Devil e'r fell so low,

That

That in such state of bliss had been :
 For though my Eyes from Heaven must part,
 The hole dam'd up, yet my poor Heart
 Was still close Prisoner kept within.

XVIII.

But when I heard she would be gone,
 Low as her Feet I threw me down,
 And beg'd her not to leave the place ;
 But now, alas, too well she knew
 My Heart-strings after her she drew,
 And thus revil'd me to my face.

XIX.

Rather my Glass of Life shall run,
 In Caves that never saw the Sun,
 Than here with thee, thou worst of Men :
 Thee Traytor to despair I doom,
 He that has oagled once my B—
 Shall never see my Face agen.

XX.

Like Bolts sent from the sultry South,
 This Thunder from her heavenly Mouth,

On

On my unguarded Heart did fall
 So fierce, that in my tortur'd mind,
 Possess'd with Rage, I once design'd
 To knock my Head against the Wall.

XXI.

Then *Adam* the first Man I curst,
 That brought the Mischief in at first
 To traffick with forbidden Joys;
 Else Beauty's World had naked been,
 Nor had I for my peeping Sin,
 Like him been banish'd Paradise.

SONG.

I.

A *Pelles* told the Painters fam'd in *Greece*,
 To draw true Beauty was the hardest piece,
 And now, alas, the same defect we see
 Descend, from Painting into Poetry;

Divine

Divine *Olimpia's* Face no Skill can take
Each Feature does the feeble Artist blind,
And ah, what Muse a just Applause can make
Of all the Charms in that Angellick kind.

II.

Some are for pleasing Features far renown'd,
Others with Wit, or charming Voices wound,
Many for mein and shape fond Lovers prize,
And many make vast Conquests with their Eyes:
But ne'er were these Perfections found in one,
But in the fair *Olympia* alone;
The fair *Olympia* Phenix-like appears,
A Wonder seen once in a thousand years.

Second Movement.

THEN shew thy Power, great God of Love,
That laughst at Womens Craft,
Make all her Charms less strongly move,
And make her Heart more soft;

Ah, why should Beauty first ordain'd to please,

Con-

Consume and Kill,
 And do such fatal Ill,
 Since only she can cure which causes the disease.

Against Free-Will. A SONG.

I.

GO silly Mortal, and ask thy Creator,
 Why thy short I life is tormented with care,
 Why thou art slave to the follies of Nature,
 Why for thy Plague he made Women so fair?

If *Cloes* Glances

Can charm thy Senses,

And Beauty force thee into her snare;

What's this Free Will of which Gownmen so prate,

When none, none, have power to controul their Fate.

II.

If Man be Monarch of all the Creation,

Women in Reason should stoop to his sway;

Fair, Rich, or Witty, by free Inclination

Owning his Priviledge, calmly obey:

Else every Brute is

More blest with Beauties.

The Horse or Stag each can seize his Prey,
Who e'er i' th' Grove saw the Lordly Bull,
Sigh to the fair, She like a loving Fool.

A S O N G.

I.

I Follow'd Fame and got Renown,
I rang'd all o'er the Park and Town,
I haunted Plays, and there grew wise,
Observing my own modish Vice;
Friends and Wine I next did try,
Yet I found no solid Joy,
Greatest Pleasures seem too small,
Till *Sylvia* made amends for all.

II.

But see the state of humane Bliss,
How vain our best Contentment is,

As

As of my Joy she was the Chief,
 So was she too my greatest Grief,
 Fate, that I might be undone,
 Dooms this Angel but for one,
 And, alas, too plain I see,
 That I am not the happy he.

*A Dialogue between a Town Spark and
 his Miss.*

She. **D**ID you not promise me when you lay
 by me,

That you would Marry me, can you deny me?

He. If I did promise thee, 'twas but to try thee,

Call up your Witnesses, else I defie thee.

She. Ah, who would trust you Men, that Swear and
 Vow so,

Born only to deceive, how can you do so?

He. If we can Swear and Lye, you can Dissemble,

And then to hear the Lye, would make one
 Tremble.

She. Had I not lov'd, you had found a denial

My tender Heart, alas, was but too real;

He.

He, Real I know you were, I've often try'd ye,
Real to forty more Lovers besides me.

She. If thousands lov'd me, where was my Transgression,

You we were the only *He*, e'er got Possession ?

He. Thou couldst talk prettily ere thou couldst go,
Child ;

But I'm too old and wise, to be sham'd so, Child.

She. Tho y'are so Cruel you'll never believe me,
Yet do but take the Child, all I forgive thee.

He. Send your *Kid* home to me, I will take care on't,
If 't has the Mothers gifts, 'twill prove a rare one.

To Cynthia. A S O N G.

I.

BORN with the Vices of my kind
I were Inconstant too ;

Dear *Cynthia*, could I rambling find

More Beauty than in you :

II.

The rowling Surges of my Blood,

By virtue now ebb'd low ;

Should

Should a new Shower encrease the Flood,
Too soon would over flow.

III.

But frailty when thy Face I see,
Does modestly retire ;

Uncommon must her Graces be,
Whose look can bound desire.

IV.

Not to my Virtue, but thy Power
This Constancy is due,
When change it self can give no more,
'Tis easie to be true.

*A Mock SONG to, When first AMINTOR
su'd for a Kiss, &c.*

I.

A *Minta* one Night had occasion to p——
Joan reach'd her the Pot that stood by her,
I in the next Chamber could hear it to hiss;
The Sluce was small, but Stream was strong,
My Soul was melting, thinking of bliss,
And raving I lay with desire ;

But

But nought could be done,
 For alas she p——d on,
 Nor car'd for Pangs I suffer'd long,
 Joan next made haſt
 In th' ſelf ſame Caſe,
 To fix the Pot cloſe to her own A——
 Then Floods did come,
 One might have ſwom,
 And puff, a Whirl-wind flew from her B——

II.

Says Joan, by theſe ſtrange Blaſts that do riſe,
 I gueſs that the Night will grow windy,
 For when ſuch Showers do fall from the Skies,
 To clear the Air the North-wind blows.
 Ye naſty Quean, her Lady replies,
 That Tempeſt broke out from behind ye;
 And though it was decently kept from my Eyes,
 The troubled Air offends my Noſe.

Says Joan, 'ods heart,
 You have p——d a Quart,

And now you make ado for a F—t

'Tis still your mind

To squeeze behind;

But never fell Shower from me without wind.

*Epilogue to the Opera of D I D O and Æ N E A S,
performed at Mr. Preist's Boarding-School at Chel-
sey; Spoken by the Lady Dorothy Burk.*

ALL that we know the Angels do above,
I've read, is that they Sing and that they
Love,

The Vocal part we have to night perform'd,

And if by Love our Hearts not yet are warn'd,

Great Providence has still more bountious been

To save us from those grand Deceivers Men,

Here blest with Innocence, and peace of Mind

Not only bred to Virtue, but inclin'd;

We flourish, and desire all human kind.

Arts curious Garden thus we learn to know,

And here secure from nipping Blasts we grow,

Let

Let the vain Fop range o'er yon vile lewd Town,
Learn Play-house Wit, and vow 'tis all his own;
Let him Cock, Huff, Strut, Ogle, Lye and Swear,
How he's admir'd by such and such a Player;
All's one to us, his Charms have here no power,
Our Hearts have just the Temper as before;
Besides to shew we live with strictest Rules,
Our Nunnery-Door, is charm'd to shut out Fools;
No Love-toy here can pass to private view,
Nor *China* Orange cram'd with Billet dew,
Rome may allow strange Tricks to please her Sons,
But we are Protestants and *English* Nuns,
Like nimble Fawns, and Birds that bless the Spring
Unscar'd by turning Times we dance and sing;
We in hope to please, but if some Critick here
Fond of his Wit, designs to be severe,
Let not his Patience, be worn out too soon,
And in few years we shall be all in Tune.

Loves Revenge. A S O N G.

I.

THE World was hush'd, and Nature lay
 Lull'd in a soft Repose,
 As I in Tears reflecting lay
 On *Chloes* faithless Vows,
 The God of Love all gay appear'd
 To heal my wounded Heart,
 New pangs of Joy my Soul indear'd,
 And Pleasure charm'd each part.
 Fond Man, said he, here end thy Wo,
 Till they my Power and Justice know,
 The foolish Sex will all do so.

II.

And for thy Ease believe, no bliss
 Is perfect without pain,
 The fairest Summer hurtful is
 Without some Showers of Rain;

The

The Joys of Heaven, who would prize
 If Men too cheaply bought,
 The dearest part of Mortal Joys
 Most charming is when sought;
 And though with Dross true Love they pay
 Those that know finest Metals say,
 No Gold will Coyne without allay.

III.

But that the Generous Lover may,
 Not always sigh in vain,
 The Cruel Nymph that kills to day,
 To morrow shall be slain.

The little God no sooner spoke,
 But from my sight he flew,

And I that groan'd with *Chloes* yoke
 Found Love's Revenge was true;

Her proud hard Heart too late did turn
 With fiercer Flames than mine did burn,
 Whilst I as much began to scorn.

*EPSOM-WELLS: A Satyr by way
of Dialogue, between Critick and
Fame.*

Crit. **F**AME, that dost o'er the Universe scatter
Satyrs and Libels, and Politicks tell
Say who's in the Country drinking the Water;
And first begin with *Epsom Well*.

II.

Crit. Who is that Lad there puffing and sweating?
And who those Rake hells that buz in his Ears?
Fame. 'Tis the mad Lord that loves the Bul-baiting,
With all his Brethren Dogs and Bears.

III.

Crit. Who are those two lank Tallow fac'd Doxies,
That look as just they from sweating did crawl?
Fame. Two *London* Whores would wash off their
Poxes,
Dreading their Dooms when Leaves do fall.

IV. What

IV.

Cr. What City Wife's there on the Downs rowling,
Who with young Bully to *Box-Hill* repairs,
Fa. One, who whilst Husband loses at Bowling,
Takes the right way to get him Heirs.

V.

Cr. But amongst all these, prithee dear Rumour
What *Jack* i'th' Box is that with Coach & four?
Fa. A Pox upon him, 'tis a Perfumer,
That makes a stink all *Fleet-street* o'er.

VI.

Cr. What Lady bright comes yonder a Tuning,
To whom the Wits and the Wittals so throng?
Fa. One that for all the Rooks is too cunning,
And Plays and Sings all Summer long.

VII.

Cr. What bonny Blade sits there above fifty,
Chewing the Cud amongst *Elmor's* Calves?
Fa. 'Tis an old Bachelor, that to be thrifty,
Purchases Land by fulls and halfs.

VIII.

Cr. The Vicar here loves Wine above Water,
Chearing his Heart against wofuller Times;

Fa. Then coaks the Justice, and kifs his Daughter,
There no more subject left for Rhime.

*Prologue spoken by Mr. H A I N S
to T R A P O L I N, or a Duke and
no Duke.*

T*Rapolin* suppos'd a Prince, this humour shows
Strange Matters do depend upon suppose,
You wh—res * may be thought Chast,
You Criticks witty †
And I that have been kept for being pretty,
Suppos'd a Beau, through the well govern'd City;
Fancy digested into strong Supposes,
Makes Cheeks fair, where no Lillies grow nor Roses,
And Women beautiful that want their Noses:
'Tis that and Nature all the World inspires,
Fancy's the Bellows, kindling up new Fires
When th' Fuel's gone, that should supply desires;
And Nature is the Parent we all know,
By whom like Plants, we fructifie and grow.

* To the Eighteen penny Gallery. † To the Pit.

The

The Reverend Citizen sixty and above,
That by poor Inch of Candle barter Love;
Supposes, that his Son and Heir he got,
But ask his Wife, and she supposes not.
The Trees by *Rosamonds* Pond her Sins have known,
And the dear Leaves still stick upon her Gown;
Whilst the dull Sot, that's just a C——old made,
Supposes she's at Church, and praying for a Trade.
The Country Novice newly come to Town,
Doom'd by his Parents to a dagled Gown;
That wanting Grace, in Love most lewdly falls
With some hot Nymph in these unhallow'd Walls,
Supposes some bright Angel he has gotten,
Till finding by sad signs the Wh—re was rotten;
His sweating Study's chang'd to sweating Tubs,
And Doctor *Littleton*, for Doctor *Hobs*,
Pray tell me, who would marry here among ye,
(For Whoring ye all hate, I scorn to wrong ye,)
That did not first suppose his Wife a Maid,
And Virgin Pleasures blest the Marriage Bed;

Yet

Yet 'tis Opinion must your Peace secure,
 For no Experiment can do't I'm sure ;
 In Paths of Love, no footsteps e'er were trac'd,
 All you can do is to suppose her Chast ;
 For Women are of that deep subtle kind
 The more you dive to know, the less you find,
 Ah, Ladies, what strange Fate attends us Men, }
 For when we prudently would scape your gin, }
 Sweet Supposition draws the Woodcocks in :
 In all Affairs 'tis so, the Lawyer bawls,
 And with dam'd Noise and Nonsense plagues the
 Halls,
 Supposing after seven years being a Drudge,
 'Twill be his Fortune to be made a Judge :
 The Parson too that prays against Ill Weathers,
 That thumps the Cushion till he leaves no Feathers,
 Would let his Flock, I fear, grow very lean,
 Without a fat Suppose of being a Dean :
 In every thing is some by End, but Wit, }
 And that has too much Virtue in't, to get ; }
 Then for our sakes that want a lucky Hit,

 }
 Let

Let kind Suppose, for once possess your Mind,
 Think in that Charm all Pleasures are confin'd,
 Tho you mislike the Farce, pray don't disclose it;
 But if you are not satisfi'd, — Suppose it.

An ELEGY

*On the Death of that true Perfection
 of Beauty and Goodness, the Lady
 ESSEX SPICKET, who dyed
 of the Small-Pox, immediately af-
 ter her Marriage.*

*Written by way of Dialogue betwixt Mors
 and Hymen.*

Mors **G**REAT Second Cause, of Mans Original,
 Why does thy Head upon thy Bosom
 fall?

Why are thy active Spirits all dispers'd?

Why thy Robe torn, and genial Torch revers'd,

As if the end of Nature now were come,

And general Dissolution fill'd one Tomb.

Since

Since Mortals all by our disposes move,
I point their date of Time, and thou their Love
Since Death is natural to all are born,
Why dost thou languish thus, why dost thou mourn?

Hymen. Thou bloodless Tyrant of Mortality;
Pale King of Charnels, canst thou ask me why?

Ah, that I could reverse Heavens great Decree,
And in thy Place fix any Fate but thee!

Thou that thus rudely dar'st my Rights invade,
And cloud Love's brightest Lustre with thy shade,
With barbarous Power act a lawless Guest,

And Rape a Virgin from her Nuptial Feast;

The sharpest Bolt in Heaven with fatal speed,
My eager Rage should dart upon thy head,

Mo. Raging in vain,—thou idly spendst thy breath,
Dost thou not know reward for Sin is Death?

Since Primitive offence, *Hymen*, for Sin I own,
But ah, why should she Perish that had none?

The sweet *Aspatia* was all purity.

Mors. Was not the sweet *Aspatia* born to dye?

Hym.

Hym. Tho Nature's Tribute once she were to pay
Could it be due upon her Wedding-day;
A time when Rapture the pleas'd Sense controuls,
And spritely Joy kept Revels in their Souls.
When *Vesta* fond of her dear Charge to me,
Had just giv'n up her beauteous Votary,
A sacred Mould for a blest Progeny:
At such a time when Love did brightest shine,
When Life was dear, to force her to resign
Was cruelty fit for no Breast but thine.

Mo. These Arguments how vainly you employ!
You are a Friend, but I sworn Foe to Joy;
At the wide door of Luxury I wait,
And summon there the least prepar'd to fate;
An envious Pleasure does my Breast o'erflow
To dash their sweetest draughts of Life with wo;
So when the haughty *Syrian* Monarch crown'd
His swelling Bowls in Gulphs of Pleasure drown'd;
When Consecrated Vessels were not free
From the wild Law of his Impiety;

When

When thoughtless Epicures swoln with excess,
And wanton Women charm'd his Soul with blifs,
The fatal Hand upon the Wall was plac'd,
Subscribing that short moment for his last.

Hym. Why nam'st thou that, or Syria's Monarch here
Death, as reward of Sin was proper there;
His ill spent days obtain'd to long a date,
Spotted with Crimes and mellow'd for his fate;
But sweet *Aspatia* guiltless from her birth,
Divinely liv'd an Angel upon Earth.

Mors. Merit extreme, but with a Mortal date,

Hym. All worth is Mortal with remorseless fate;
A charming Grace did all her Actions guide,
A sacred Virtue never soil'd with Pride;
A saint-like Piety, a pitying Heart,
An uncorrupted Beauty without Art,
Humble as Cottage Girls, yet awful too,
Kind to distress, and to all Merit true;
Devout as Angels, singing Hymns on high,
Yet spite of all their Graces:

Mo. Born to dye:

Hym.

Hym. If these could not thy Avarice o'er-come,
Thou might'st take more to swell the mighty sum,
Her graceful Modesty, her mighty Wit,
The one delightful, as the other great;
And then for Patience, and blest Charity,
None e'er her equal knew:

Mo. Yet born to dye,

Hym. Not only dye, but in her blooming Age,
To feel the Curse of thy extremest Rage,
A double Death did her dear Life pursue,
Of Beauty first, and then of Nature too,
Vile Schelliton that wouldst not Pity shew,
But where no Flesh is, how should Pity grow?
Were thy Soul form'd of any thing but spite,
Or all the contraries of soft delight:
Those Eyes late blinded with disease so foul
With pointed Beams had shot thee to the Soul,

Mo. That was one Reason why I quench'd their
fire,
Her Wit and Beauty did so far aspire,
Even Death had else been fool'd into desire,

Pity

Pity had warm'd my Breast to let her live,
And Female Charms had purchas'd a Reprieve,
Had not resenting Ghosts o'er whom I Reign,
All murmuring at a thought so strange, so vain,
Declar'd in the Grand Council of my State,
Pity was fit for any thing but Fate.

Hym. And Fate more fit for any thing than Love,
Henceforth aloud in every shady Grove,
Where harmless Lovers pretty Garlands wove.

The Swains and Nymphs *Aspatia's* Obsequies,
Shall sing with heavy Hearts and weeping Eyes;
Aspatia's hapless Fate each Breast shall sway,
Aspatia's story shall wear out the day,
Satyrs shall range from their obscure Abode,
Vice shall grow famous, Marriage out of mode,
And till by warrant from the Deity
Hymen has power to alter Fate's decree,
Of this great wrong he'll ne'er cease to complain,
Nor ever tye the genial Knot again.

An O D E.

To my much honored Friend Sir THOMAS
GARRARD, Baronet, upon his Clima-
cterical YE A R.

I.

THE famous old Prophet that twenty years
toil'd,

To write us the *Psalms* that duncie *Hopkins* has
spoil'd,

In giving account of the Ages of Men ;

Has strangely confin'd us to Threescore and Ten,

He tells us, to scare us, his last hour is near,

That enters the sad Climacterical Year.

II.

Then welfare the Man that inspir'd by good Wine,

Cares neither for Seventy nor seven times Nine ;

Whose jolly brisk Humor adds sands to his Glass,

And standing upright can look Fate in the face ;

That makes much of Life, but when Nature is due

Declines like a Flower, as sweet as he grew.

H

III. To

—To his fair Example and Grandeur of Soul,
 Let each in his order Carouse a full Bowl;
 Whatever dull Gown-men or Sages may think,
 There's no Man grows old till he ceases to drink;
 Then Health to Sir Thomas, and that he may be,
 As well at sixscore as at sixty and three!

The KING'S Health:

A CATCH Sung in Parts.

I.

NOW Second Hannibal is come,
 O'er frozen Lakes and mounts of Snow,
 To found our Faith on conquer'd Rome,
 And give Proud France a fatal Blow.

II.

Well may our Phœbus disappear,
 And set his Glory in the Sea;
 If Planets of a lower Sphere,
 Can give us greater light than he.

III. Fryars

III.

Fryars and Monks, and all those bald-pate Fools,
With Wafers, Qyntments, Beads and Shams,
Pardons and Antichristian Bulls,
Must yield to Belgick battering Rams.

IV.

Infallibility is gone,
And Judges of Dispensing Powers,
That had their Country quite undone,
Was ever known such Sons of Whores?

V.

Drink all around, then by consent,
Health to the Monarch of the Land,
The Queen, and healing Parliament;
Pledge me six Bumpers in a hand,
And when the Jesuits you see,
Dangling upon the Triple Tree,
Fill up six more, and sing with me,
A Plague on senseless Popery.

*A Letter written by the Author for a Friend, to
one in Town; being a SATYR, on
DINGBOY and a Rampant WIDOW.
1685.*

A 'Broad when *Dingboy's* Verses came,
And in the Scrawl you read my Name,
Too well my dearest Friend I know
You blush'd as much as I do now,
Not that you thought my scanty Crimes
Had not deserv'd Satyrick Rhimes;
But that I should a Subject be,
For th' Pen of such a Dunce as he,
Whose empty Noddle still takes pains
Without a dram of Sense or Brains,
To make my Fame about the Town,
As black and ugly as his own.
Nature a signal shame has meant,
To the Obstinate and Ignorant,

And

And *Dingboy* above all Mankind
 The Curse of his own Vice does find;
 'Tis plague enough to be a Fool,
 Wretchedly Poor, and Proud, as Dull,
 To aim at Wit and Writing well,
 And yet not have the sence to spell,
 To give the Noble Art abuse,
 By daring to invoke a Muse.
 This, one would think, were shame enough,
 If Block-heads e'er could taste Reproof;
 But he, as if the Genius fled
 From th' barren Soyl of such a Head;
 Still plunges on, and with strange flights
 Of new invented Nonsense writes;
 Fame gives it out, th' unthinking Beast
 Once set up for a Romish Priest,
 With goggling Eyes, and supple Hams,
 Train'd up to all their Tricks and Shams;
 But ne'er was wise enough to know,
 Whether the Rat was damn'd or no,
 That eat the consecrated Dough:

Things past his reach he ne'er durst hope,
But after got into a Troop,
Where now he Lurks, Roars, Huffs, and Fights,
With the same Genius that he writes.

Don Quixot-like plays pranks in vain,
Plagu'd by the Wind-mills in his brain ;
Now rails, now writes, but such a Stile,
So filthy Dogril and so Vile,
He dipt his Pen we well might think
In Excrement instead of Ink,

Such Rhimes on Wall of common Jakes,
Which every Bum for Easement takes :

I many times have seen ill writ

With Finger and a Thumb be——

Yet they appear to this dull Sot,

As fine as ever *Cowley* wrote,

Such shameful Madness still we see

In Impudent stupidity ;

But here lets leave him for a while

Inth' Jakes, which can his Fame defile,

And

And turn to jerk the Female Friend,
He does so wretchedly defend ;
Oh Women, born for Mans Delight,
His Ease by Day, his Joy by Night,
Ye useful Mischiefs which we keep
To procreate, eat, drink, and sleep ;
Ye Ladles which we Fools require,
To cool the Broth of our desire,
Design'd, no doubt, for our relief,
Though oft converted to our Grief :
Listen to one oblig'd to rail,
And mark the Justice of my Tale ;
And you, who to our cost we find,
The worst of all that baneful Kind,
Widows I mean, who lose your Senses,
When wanting due Benevolences.
With solid Confidence prepare,
And hearken to the Character
Of the most lewd and rampant Whore,
That ever ——— in a Bandore ;

From Taplash froth of Nappy Ale,
She had her great Original;
Her Father in a Drunken fit,
The she cleft Monster did beget,
And brought a Pattern of new Crimes
To plague the World in after Times;
Unfortunate the Man, and Curst,
That did the sin to wed her first,
But th' Dunce that second Wedlock nam'd
Is beyond all Redemption dam'd,
No flesh on Earth so wretched made,
Nor Hell hereafter half so bad;
The Rogue that Robs to buy him Bread,
When hang'd atones for the ill deed,
Who Acts all other deadly Sins,
With his own blood clears each offence.
His Punishment does pain release,
Nor does his Crimes retard his Peace;
But he that does a Widow wed,
In Lust and rank Contagion bred,

Fomen-

Fomenter of Revengeful Fewd,
 And beyond *Messalina* lewd,
 One that has still infected been,
 With all the Plagues of Female Sin,
 And like the Grave or greedy Sea,
 Swallow'd up all came in her way;
 Who yokes with her is doom'd for slaughter,
 And worse Hell here than that hereafter:
 And now to let the Reader see
 The Curse of weak Humanity;
 Amongst the greatest that appears,
 To vex my late Ill manag'd Years,
 Led by the blind Efforts of Nature;
 'Twas my ill Fate to love this Creature,
 And what from Charity begun,
 To her, her Husband, and her Son,
 By Passion was so hurried on,
 Her Family and mine were one;
 About my Neck the Snake I hung,
 Not thinking I should ere be stung;

And

And still to love (made Resolution)
A Feind that studied my Confusion ;
This Jilt whom my misguided Powers,
Have fed in her salacious hours,
And gorg'd her Mercenary Lust
With Love unfeigned, though unjust ;
Pardon me, oh thou better part,
That hast deserv'd, and hast my Heart ;
Pardon me, Virtue, that dost know
What Folly's wild desire will do,
And let my Shame and Penitence
Attone for my confess'd Offence ;
But let fermented Spleen swell high,
When I relate her Infamy,
Who like the Furies is indu'd
With baseness and Ingratitude ;
Oft when the black Intrigue was fram'd
By Witchcraft and desire inflam'd,
Has the perfidious Strumpet swore,
Still to love me, and no one more ;

But Gifts did all this kindness buy,
For still so fond, so blind was I,
That I pursued the guilty Curse,
And prov'd my Passion by my Purse;
As oft I have by Wine inspir'd,
But never so oft as she desir'd:
This were a Secret, I confess,
If th' Nature of her Fault were less;
But Crimes, like hers, nor can, nor may,
Be punish'd any other way.
Oh that my Pen were fill'd with Gall,
To write this next, this worst of all,
And that her Rage and Letchery,
Were prov'd to Nations as to me;
Know then, this Creature scandal proof,
This *very Widow that's enough*,
Forgetting all the numerous Scrowls,
She sent me when we mingled Souls;
The Oaths and Vows, and all the Dam'd,
Deceits through all her Letters cram'd,

B

Which

Which that the World the Truth may know
Under her hand I keep to show :
This Prostitute, this Fiend in Crape,
Dares now accuse me for a Rape,
And swear I forc'd her Chastity,
That was more like to Ravish me ;
Such Flames there are, such scorching Fire,
In Womens uncontroul'd desire,
'Tis this that does my Soul perplex,
This moves my Hatred to the Sex,
Swells my full Spleen, and makes me prove
My Anger far above my Love,
For ne'er was a Woman better us'd,
Nor never Man so much abus'd ;
And though the Champion of this Trull,
In Dogril Rhimes still plays the Fool,
Nonsense maliciously exprest,
'Tis but the Nature of the Beast ;
He only shews his little spite,
And snarles and grins, but ne'er could bite ;

He means no ill what e'er he says,
But Cats will Mew, Dogs have their Days;
Bullies, and Curs, run open mouth'd;
But Oaken Cudgel frights 'em both.
And now a word or two let's spare,
To descant on the Husband's Care,
The Husband that new Joys has try'd,
And found the *Indies* in a Bride;
An easie passage through the Straights,
Where *Lucifer* and *Charon* waits,
To carry the next comer o'er,
Where many a Man has gone before;
Had he no way to shun this Fate,
No warning of his future State?
Were there no Halters, no kind hand
To tip him into some deep Pond?
No Drug nor Rats-bane to be bought,
To rid him from his dreadful Lot?
'Tis hard, but wretched Man ne'er knows
Till 'tis too late his cure of woes;

For 'tis beyond all doubt if e'er
 His Wife's Salt Freaks had reach'd his Ear,
 Which all the Country round can tell,
 And her first C——old knew too well.
 He would some friendly Razor choose,
 Or happy Cord on Rafter use,
 Ere slipt into dam'd Widows Noose,
 But there I leave him to be merry,
 And now the Satyr growing weary,
 Thinks fit, dear Friend, to bid adue,
 And Pardon ask for tiring you ;
 As for *Sallacious* and her Men,
 Especially the Champion Pen,
 As he likes this, I hope he'll write agen.

To the Right Honorable the Lady Olympias R.
 on her Genius in POETRY.

NINE Muses celebrate the Poets Art,
 And you a Tenth shall teach the noblest part
 Virtue and Beauty so divinely known
 In you, I thought, would be enough for one ;

Yet

Yet Heaven, that more admir'd its work should be,
Has gilt your Mind with glittering Poetry ;
With Gifts uncommon has inspir'd your Soul,
Nor thought a part sufficient, but the whole.
Well may that happy Sex the World subdue,
That Conquer Men with Wit and Beauty too ;
What foreign Force is proper for our Aid,
When Powers like these Great Britain does invade,
Our selves against our selves, we must divide,
And to secure us run off to your side,
With such a double Force when you assail,
Alas, what single Armor can prevail !
So fam'd *Thalestris* in the Trojan War,
Like *Pallas* Valiant, and like *Venus* Fair,
VVith double VVeapons always gain'd the Prize,
VVho miss'd her Sword, fell Prisoner to her Eyes.
Those who can with bright Beauties Charms dis-
pence,
And think they're free, are captiv'd by your Sense,
And ah, what Force so strong that it should dare
T' oppose the Good, the Witty, and the Fair ;
Warm

Warm me then, Madam, by your Muses fire,
 And let me see the Works I shall admire,
 My Genius by your Influence shall breath,
 And proudly bind your Bays into a wreath.

*An Epilogue intended for a late COMEDY, and
 to be spoke by Mr. MONFORD, in a long
 Presbyterian Cloak.*

FROM a strange Miracle which none can prove,
 For sure no fool could e'er run mad for Love,
 From antick whim, compos'd of Song and Rant,
 Our hot-brain'd Scribler now will make me cant,
 He says this Garb and a right Tone will fit
 Most of the City Wives that here are met,
 Which if it happen is a fair occasion
 To bring us all the Non-cons of the Nation :
 Things now, thank Heaven, are at a better pass,
 Than late they were before the Act of Grace ;
 And if this Project is but manag'd right,
 Gad we shall strip the Conventicles quite,

If so

If so, who values how your sentence falls,
 There's many a Play-house full within the Walls:
 Sharp Judges with short Hair and little Bands,
 Will tear their Cuffs with clapping of their Hands:
 I'll try for once.

Dear Sisters that to Prayers in Pattins go,
 And all the force of Bowel yernings know;
 Let not your Breasts for Sinners pant and heave,
 But seek the Truth, and to my Bosom cleave;
 Lewd frothy Bullies only can provoke,
 There's something worth your while under the Cloak,
 I this will do.

This will my Female Friends from *Wapping* call,
 A Tone with Women brings the Devil and all:
 But Sirs, methinks, you malancholly grow,
 To teach you then what virtue is in show;
 Look ye, this * Wig translates me to a Bow:
 Now let me hear the proudest of ye say
 Amongst you all, that he dislikes the Play.

* Puts on a great Peruke.

If ye are Envious, vent it all at home,
 Wit pardons Faults, since every one has some;
 And that how few correctly use their Pen,
 I leave to th^e Judgment of all witty Men,
 And so I'll be a * Canting Rogue agen.
 Friends, I would fain adapt to these our Times,
 Religious Use of reasoning in Rhimes;
 Sincerely use the Laborer to day,
 W' are now united and may see a Play;
 Affinity of Works our liking calls,
 For all our Labors are a kind of Drolls.
 'Mongst all the Females here that want conducting
 For I've a great desire to be instructing,
 Hor to convince I do intreat alone,
 To come up to my Room and rub me down;
 And if she be not thoroughly satisf'd,
 Let her from me my choicest Gifts divide,
 Make me a Scoff amongst the Sons of Men,
 As never able to hold forth agen.

* Pulls of a Peruke and clapson a broad Hatt.

Another EPILOGUE Intended for the same.

Reflection on the different Brains of Men,
 Has suddenly restor'd me mine again,
 Yet not so perfectly, but that perhaps,
 There may be still some fear of a Relapse,
 Your kindness, noble Friends, my Wits may save,
 But if the Sparks grow mutinous, I rave,
 Since 'tis not wholly from their Judgments done,
 But some dear Female Punt, that sets 'em on:
 The Poets Cause and mine are one to night,
 I do my best to act, as he to write,
 If, after this you our Endeavours slight,
 Then I must fall into my former fit,
 And though to all true Judgments we submit,
 Rail at the barb'rous Dragons of the Pit.
 For to be hiss'd by such as scarce can read,
 Faith 'tis enough to make one mad indeed.

The DREAM:

Or, *CELADON'S Complaint of MORPHEUS to the Assembly of the GODS.*

TO thee, Supreme Almighty Jove,
 And all the Parliament above,
 My just Complaint I here address,
 Grievs by complaining are made less;
 Whilst those that silence tries to tame,
 Break soonest out into a Flame,
 The spiteful *Morpheus* I accuse,
 That in our Mid-Night Slumbers shews
 False Scenes of Pleasure to molest
 The tortur'd Lover from that Rest;
 Which Heaven and Nature does prepare,
 As Cordial for all Mortal Care.

Reliev'd by five succeeding years,
 My sighs dispers'd, and dry my Tears,

Which

Which daily had my Eyes bedew'd,
Through *Cynthia's* strange Ingratitude:
As in my Bed I sleeping lay,
Tir'd with the Troubles of the Day;
Prepar'd that Ease to have enjoy'd,
Which restless Love had long deny'd,
The God from whom all slumbers fall,
Decre'd I should have none at all;
But with strange Visions wrack'd my Brain,
And Dreams ridiculous and vain:
Methought, with wings fix'd on to fly,
I strangely soar'd up to the Sky;
Where on a Lucid Cloud in State,
A Reverend hoary Elder sat,
Bearing a Shield, that stil'd him Fate;
His Head and Beard as white as when
The Winter Snow does Sheer the Plain;
His Brow austere, his Eye as bright
As *Venus* in a starry Night:

And though some Furrows did appear,
Dig'd by the Cares of many a year,
The awful Wrinkles did presage
The effects of Wisdom more than Age:
On his left hand were lesser fates,
Employ'd in ordering Crowns and States,
And on huge Iron Wheels enjoin'd
To spin the Lives of Humankind;
And in his Lap large Bundles were,
The Dooms of many a forespent year,
Long scrowls containing wondrous things,
The downfals of unlucky Kings;
Swift turns of Nobles into slaves,
The Luck of Fools and Rise of Knaves;
And Man's inevitable hour
Of Good or Ill was in his power;
Thus whilst I trembling fix'd my Eye
Upon this more than Deity:
Methought I saw a numerous Crowd
All thronging up, and crying loud,

For an immediate redress
 Of all their several Grievances;
 Imperial Heads with Crown and Ball,
 Prelates in Robes Episcopal;
 Traders, Physicians, Lawyers come,
 All crowching to revoke their Doom,
 The Muses also thither press'd,
 And mine, methought, amongst the rest;
 Nay, Beauty too her Interest try'd,
 But was as fullenly deny'd;
 In vain a Monarch here disclos'd
 His Suit whom fate had late depos'd,
 As vainly Priests large Sums prepare,
 Aspiring to the Papal Chair;
 Or sordid Clowns infest our Schools,
 Born and predestin'd to be Fools,
 Who dully Rich, would States-men grow,
 By Nature moulded for the Plow;
 As vainly too he seeks for Ore,
 Dam'd to the Curse of being Poor.

As Travellers in Forrests stray,
He ever takes the Erring way;
Thus Good or Evil destiny,
Waits on Fates absolute decree.
As to my Eyes these Wonders came,
Methought a burst of dreadful Flame
Crack'd the vast Cloud, and to my sight
Shew'd the dark Cave of endless Night,
Dismal as *Chaos* when all Nature lay
Confus'd in one huge Lump of Clay,
When Earth's prodigious bulk was seen
To quake with Air enclos'd within,
And muddy Floods foam'd with desire,
To combat their old Foe the Fire,
From its wide Mouth breath'd forth a Yell,
That soon confirm'd this place was Hell;
And by some flakes of blewish Flame,
That from a glowing Furnace came,
Unseen I could discern with ease,
'Twas th' Devils Court of Common-Pleas,

Where

Where Souls in different Causes drudge,
And where Fate also sits as Judge:
Here Princes, Plowmen, Lords and Slaves,
Pandors and States-men, Fools and Knaves,
Maids that ne'er bless'd with Men would be,
And Widows dam'd for having three
Made their Appeals—some Poets too,
But very fat and very few,
The noted dullest of the Crew,
Broil'd their next neighbors, these more curst,
Than all the Fiends were hated worst ;
Who knowing Hell so hot a Place,
Came to augment it with their Grease ;
Vast crowds of Pimps and Noseless Whores,
Rich Epicures and bloated Boors,
With Shoals of Baldpate Priests and Fryars,
Even clog'd the fiercest of the Fires.
Deaf with the Cry of those that mourn'd,
As I gaz'd on, the Court adjourn'd ;

Huge

Huge Gates of Jet methought were shut,
Nor knew I which way to get out,
Till from a secret dismal Room,
A hollow Voice methought did come,
That cry'd for sorry *Peter Pence*,
I will (rash Mortal) lead thee hence :
Agreed, quoth I, with all my Soul,
Then straight one started from the hole,
That by his Robe and Stature Tall,
I knew to be a Cardinal,
That here on Earth lov'd Coin so well,
His Palm was itching for't in Hell ;
But I no sooner had begun
To drive this hopeful bargain on,
When one of Fate's great Family
Came up and seiz'd me for a Spy,
Swearing I came by Fame's report
To learn the Practice of that Court ;
Resolv'd to teach their Methods all,
To the Attournies of *Guild-Hall* :

Fearing the Lash for taking Bribes,
My faithful Guide my Doom proscribes,
And like a through-pass'd Prelate swore,
He was attaching me before,
To bring me to the Throne of Fate,
Before whom I was hurried straight,
Through Regions vast of dreary Night :
At last ascending up to Light,
The Judge his Reason did unlock,
And thus methought divinely spoke;
By Womans frailty, though undone,
Tet art thou still Apollo's Son,
Beauty may grieve thy Heart with pain,
But it shall never hurt thy Brain;
Thy Drom's revok'd, she not possess'd,
Go hence and slumber, and be bless'd.
As when some Wretch that chain'd does lye,
Expecting every hour to dye,
Hears the glad sound of a Reprieve,
And Royal Grant to let him live;

His

His Heart that vast Content does cloy,
Faints at the blaze of sudden Joy,
Such Passion did my Soul possess,
Reflecting on approaching Bliss;
And now methought by Sacred Power
I was transported to a Bower,
Where the *Indian* Jessamine and Rose
Of *Syria*, lasting Sweets disclose,
Clear Rivolets that took their Vents
From flowry Mounts, made their descents,
And with small Pebbles troll'd along,
Making a pretty purling Song;
And thence in wild *Meander's* flow,
To bless the Verdant Meads below:
Tall Sons of Earth the leavy Trees,
All shook to make refreshing Breeze;
The lofty Pine, the Maple stronge,
The Laurel ever Green and Young;
The Oak, the Monarch of the Wood,
That had two hundred Winters stood;

The fatal Ash, that wanting * Keys,
To Kingdoms bodes Calamities,
With th' Elm that high his Front doth raise,
Long flourish'd in that heavenly Place;
Nor did the mirthful Birds forbear
To keep their Evening Confort there;
The barb'rous Rape that had too long
Been *Philomela's* lonely Song;
The Thrush and Linner skill'd in Arts,
Set to their Flutes, and sung in parts,
Whilst the wrong'd † Swallow half the year,
Still hovers round their Heads to hear;
And the sad || Pheasant takes no bliss
In his gay particolour'd dress;
As all my Cares here sleep did chase,
Who could have Cares in such a place?
To add to my excess of Joy,
This second Vision bless'd my Eye:

* Alluding to an old erroneous Opinion of the Ancients, that the Ash not bearing her yearly Keys, as accusom'd, boded Revolutions of State, or the distress or death of some great Prince or Monarch.

† *Pergne* the Wife of *Terew*, turn'd into a Swallow.

|| *Irys* her Son, turn'd into a Pheasant.

Me-

Methought into this charming Grove,
Attir'd like the Queen of Love,
Cynthia approach'd, her Rosie Face
Might to the blushing Morn add grace,
And in her Shape and Mien was all
That Poets e'er could Beauty call,
Her fatal Eyes that us'd to kill,
Two kind repentant drops now fill,
Where Pitty in warm Bubbles shone,
To chear the Heart she had undone;
As *Venus* look'd when first she found
Her Darling bleeding on the Ground;
So Eloquent her Love appears
In the soft Language of her Tears.
Rapt with this vissionary Bliss,
This Scene of Perfect Happiness,
My throbbing Heart, and swelling Veins,
Scarcely the flood of Joy contains;
Whilst like *Diana* in her Chase,
Spreading her Arms with lovely Grace,

Language at last a Passage broke,
And thus methought the Charmer spoke;
Oh too much wrong'd, for too much Love,
Thou blessing sent me from above;
Thou Treasure which my Erring Eyes,
Had never Light enough to prize;
Accept these Tears that hourly flow,
T' atone for my curs'd breach of Vow,
And take — Repenting Love as Fee,
For thy admir'd Fidelity.

Scarce she these Words had throughly spoke,
When sighing as my Heart had broke,
With eager Joy my Arms I stretch'd,
But nought, alas, but Air I catch'd;
The God of sleep, as false as she,
Had with a Dream deluded me,
And caus'd fresh Pangs of lasting Pain,
And new clos'd Wounds to bleed again.
Revenge then all ye Powers above,
Revenge my Wrongs and injur'd Love,

Let

Let hated *Morpheus* Reign no more,
 Nor o'er my peaceful sleeps have power,
 My Soul henceforth let knowledg find,
 Without one thought of Womankind;
 Whose Heart's as wavering as the Wind;
 Falshood may with Success pursue,
 But none e'er prosper'd that was true.

To

To CYNTHIA.

BY all the Sacred Powers I love ye so
 There's nothing else so dear to me below;
 And when your Cruel Scorn I would forsake,
 Shunning the Rock that threatens me with wrack,
 Some Angel stops my speed, and brings the Ro-
 ver back.

Madam, my Heart no blemish yet has stain'd,
 And never has deserv'd to be disdain'd,
 Nor is it to be fool'd with ease,

But you may break it when you please,
 Like melting Ore, your kindness makes it run.

But rigour turns it to a Stone,
 And I had rather dye then see you frown:

So may your Influence you prove,
 So much so tenderly I love,

And think not, dearest Saint, I can deceive,
 But as you hope to be believ'd, believe;

By Heaven and you my Life blooms or decays,
 You point my wane or my encrease of days;
 Fain, I confess, I would despair forget,
 I would be bless'd if you thought fit,
 Yet I too may your self-will'd Rigour fear,
 For ah, what hopes is there of Love from her,
 Whose very Soul is Love, and yet the word dis-
 dains to hear.

*A Letter Written for a L A D Y in Answer
 to a Friend.*

HAd you not known your Merit was so great
 That my *Laurinda* I could ne'er forget;
 Dulness, you might have want of Friendship thought
 And my neglect in writing call a Fault:
 But though I want your Genius to express,
 Believe me, dearest Friend, my Love's not less;
 I would accost your Muse with equal Skill,
 For though I want the Wit, I have the Will,
 Did not my Reason whisper like a friend,
 That I should wrong my self, should I pretend;
 Bu

But for my friendship I must boldly own
'Tis firm and Constant, and shall stoop to none ;
Nor is my Heart (which you I thought had known)
So chang'd or frozen since I came to Town ;
That it by any Object could be mov'd
To slight my dear *Laurinda* whom I lov'd :
Alas, sweet friend, you know not our distress,
You never dream upon our Grievances ;
Though pestilential Blasts all round us blow,
And many a beauteous darling face undo :
Though Bells do toll, and all to fears encline ;
Fears, that would spoil a better Muse than mine,
You careless in the Silver Grove are seen,
(I wish for your sake I could call it Green)
Courting the Places Genius to inspire,
And strength of Fancy warms instead of Fire ;
But I benumb'd with all this Frost and Snow,
Begin now to believe my Muse is so.
Like a Linnet, wishing for the Spring,
(Linnet I say) because I learn to sing ;

Hop up and down all day my lonely Cage,
 And find that Cold's as bad as fumbling Age,
 Nothing can stir up my Poetick Rage;
 My Verses dare not yet their worth expose,
 For well their Feet may halt when they are froze;
 But when the Summer cloaths the naked Trees,
 And Balmy Winds refresh with gentle breeze:
 When Flowers their gay Wedding Robes put on,
 To please and welcome in the vigorous Sun;
 Then *Silvia* sitting by *Laurinda's* side,
 Shall prove this Truth, and shall not be deny'd,
 That none on Earth can e'er more faithful be,
 Or her dear Friend can value more than she.

Silvia.

*The Farmers Daughter, a SONG, set to a
 Pleasant Scotch Tune.*

I.

C Old and raw the North did blow,
 Bleak in the Morning early,
 All the Trees were hid in Snow,

Dagld

Dag'd by Winter yearly;
When come riding over a Knough,
I met with a Farmer's Daughter,
Rosie Cheeks and bonny Brow,
Good faith made my Mouth to water.

II.

Down I vail'd my Bonnet low,
Meaning to shew my breeding,
She return'd a graceful bow,
A Village far exceeding:
I ask'd her where she went so soon,
And long'd to begin a Parly,
She told me to the next Market Town
A purpose to sell her Barley.

III.

In this purse, sweet Soul, said I,
Twenty pounds lie fairly,
Seek no farther one to buy,
For I'll take all thy Barley;
Twenty more shall buy Delight
Thy Person I love so dearly

If thou wouldst stay with me all Night,
And go home in the Morning early.

I V.

If twenty pound could buy the Globe,
Quoth she, this I'd not do, Sir,
Or were my Kin as poor as *Job*,
I wo'd not raise 'em so, Sir,
For should I be to Night your friend,
We'll get a young Kid together,
And you'd be gone ere the nine Months end,
And where should I find a Father?

V.

I told her I had wedded been
Fourteen years and longer,
Or else I choose her for my Queen,
And tie the Knot much stronger;
She bid me then no farther come,
But manage my Wedlock fairly,
And keep Purse for poor Spouse at home,
For some other shall have her Barley.

A CATCH set by Doctor BLOW.

IN a Seller at *Sodom* at the sign of the T——
Two buxum young Harlots were drinking
with L——

Some say they were his Daughters

No matter for that,

They're resolv'd they would fouse their old Dad
with a Pot;

All fluster'd and bousie

The doting old Sor,

As great as a Monarch between 'em was got,

Till the eldest and wisest thus open'd the Plot

Pray shew us dear Daddy how we were begot,

God zoukes, you young Jades, 'twas the first
Oath I wor

The Devil of a Serpent this Humor has taught.

No matter, they cry'd, you shall pawn for the shot,

Unless you will shew us how we were begot.

*An EPITHALAMIUM on the Marriage
of the Lord MORPETH with the Lady
ANN CAPELL.*

I.

When Heaven first fram'd a second Cause;
And Nature spread her dictates round,
All Hearts with Joy obey'd her Laws,
And nothing sad but Man was found;
Adam in shades long pensive sat,
And took no comfort in his Life,
Till he that did the Soul Create,
Gave him the Soul's best Joy, a Wife.

II.

Then o'er the face of Paradise
Was seen a most unusual Joy,
Flowers were more sweet, more green the Trees,
Pleas'd with her Master's smiling Eye:
If he were so, how are you blest,

Brave

Brave *Damon*, with an Eve to day,
Who all her Beauty does possess,
Without her Mischief to betray.

III.

Gold is a pleasant useful Slave,
A flattering Dream is loose desire,
Fame is the frenzy of the Brave,
Love only is the good intire;
There's nought worth living for beside,
Time's hasty Sands in vain would run;
A noble chaste, and beauteous Bride,
Are all Earth's Joys sum'd up in one.

IV.

Damon, tho *Silvies* tender Ears,
Defer your blessing for a time;
The tract of distant Joy appears
More full of Rapture, more Sublime:
Pluck not a Bud, but let it grow
Till time disclose its sweets to thee,
Who from a Plant will tear a Bough,
Destroys his hopes, and spoils the Tree.

V. Of

V.

Oft have I seen two harmless Doves,
 Venting their Passions, Kifs and Cooe,
 In imitation of their Loves;
 Impatient *Damon* so must you.

But joy to know her Heart is yours,
 And hopes to meet her in her prime,
 Will post away the lazy hours,
 And make more swift the wings of Time.

A S O N G.

I.

Forc'd by a Cruel lawless Fate,
 I lov'd a Nymph with Passion,
 But found alas, I came too late
 To sway her Inclination;
 Her Heart was given a Coxcomb's Fee,
 Whose face had introduc'd him,
 Though not one grain of Sense had he,
 To know how well she us'd him.

II.

I try'd if worth could make her kind,
And hourly made advances ;
But who can e'er the Charm unbind,
In Womens stubborn Fancies :

I calmly did her foible shew,
Where e'er he came, abus'd him :

I call'd him Fool, I prov'd him so,
Yet she the better us'd him.

III.

I hate, she cry'd, your God of Wit,
Our Sex should all oppose him ;

'Tis he that Charms my Appetite,
Shall sleep upon my Bosom :

This senseless stuff my love withdrew,
And cur'd my Melancholly ;

I kick'd her brute, then bid adieu
To every Female folly.

A S O N G set to a pleasant Scotch Tune.

I.

A Lad o' th' Town thus made his moan
One Winter Morning early, Alas,

Alas, that I must lie alone,

And *Moggey's* Bed so near me:

All Night I tofs, I turn and sigh,

Nor ever can I close my Eye,

For thinking that I lig so nigh,

The Lafs I Love so dearly.

II.

She's all Delight from foot to crown,

And just Eighteen her Age is,

And that she still must lie alone,

My Heart and Soul intrages;

I'd give the World I might put on

Each Morn her Stocking or her Shoon,

If I were but her Serving Loon

I'd never ask for Wages.

III.

If *Moggey* would but be my Bride

I'd take no Parents warning;

Nor value all the World beside,

Nor any Lasses scorning:

My Love is grown to such a height,

I prize so much my own delight,

I care not, had I her one Night
If I were hang'd i' th' Morning.

The MORALIST. A Song.

I.

WHat's the worth of Health or Living,
If we stint our selves of Bliss,
Grief is but a self-deceiving,
Chusing may be for what is;
Doz'd all Night, and daily weeping,
Zealots think to Heaven to climb,
Thus with Canting and with Sleeping,
The poor Sots lose all their Time.

II.

Give me Love and give me Wine too,
For Life's Cares to make amends,
Wit and Poetry Divine too,
And a charming Female Friend.
In a Moral honest Station,

To

To my Grave in Peace I'll go,
 Let the bug Predestination,
 Fright the Fools no better know.

The Old Fumbler. A S O N G:

Set by Mr. Hen. Purcell.

I.

SMug, rich and fantastick old Fumbler was
 known,
 That wedded a Juicy brisk Girl of the Town,
 Her Face like an Angel, Fair, Plump, and a Maid,
 Her Lute well in tune too, cou'd he but have plaid;
 But lost was his Skill let him do what he can,
 She finds him in Bed a weak silly old Man,
 He Coughs in her Ear, 'tis in vain to come on,
 Forgive me, my Dear, I'm a silly old man.

II.

She laid his dry hand on her snowy soft Breast,
 And from those white Hills gave a glimpse of the
 Best;
 But ah! what is Age when our Youth's but a Span,
 She found him an Infant instead of a Man:

Ah!

Ah ! Pardon, he'd cry, that I'm weary so soon,
 You have let down my Base, I'm no longer in tune,
 Lay by the dear Instrument, prethee lie still,
 I can play but one Lesson and that I play Ill.

*A Dialogue between PHILANDER and
 SILVIA, set to an excellent new Scotch Tune.*

I.

Ph. **I**N a Defart in *Greenland*, where the Sun ne'er
 cast an Eye,

In contempt of all the World I cou'd live with thee
 my Joy.

Si. On the Sands of scorcht *India*, where the Sun-
 burnt Natives fry,

Blest with thee, my dear *Philander*, I do choose to
 live and dye,

Ph. No Nymph with her fly charming art,
 Ere shall have pow'r to steal my Heart;

Thou art all and all in every part,

Each Vein of me shall ever be,

Panting with Love of thee.

Si. No

Si. No Swain with his Wealth, Wit or Art,
 E'er shall have power to storm my Heart,
 Thou art all and all in every part,
 Each Vein of me will ever be,
 Panting with Love of thee.

II.

Ph. Let the Monarch's Ambition seek new Empire
 to obtain,

Let the Miser sell his Soul to encrease his slavish gain,

Si. Let the politick Gown-man tread the Mazes
 of the State,

Let the Reverend Divine teach Mankind decrees of
 Fate.

Ph. Give me the dear Nymph I adore,

Happy or unlucky, Rich or Poor,

Of bounteous Heaven I'd ask no more,

Nor ever care who's rich or fair,

There's all the World in her.

Si. Let no Cloud of Ill Fortune rise,

To shade me from *Philander's* Eyes,

Farewel ye World deluding's Joys,

No Charm would seem worth my esteem

I have all I wish in him.

A Second Burlesque LETTER written for a Friend, suppos'd to be a CUCKOLD'S GHOST, coming from Hell, and answering a Satyr of STUM CLARET his Brother Vintner; With a Conjugal Reprimand to SALACIA his late Mournful WIDOW.

IN Limbo where there loudly howls
 Cuckolds, and Cuckold makers Souls,
 Where Courtiers with their Wealth and Wits
 Is dam'd as well as snivelling Cits;
 And Lady fair, with shape Divine,
 Are rank'd with Joan that milk'd the Kine.
 Where Country Knight, and Country Clown,
 Esquire and Plowmen are all one;
 To shew all Fools whom Pride does seize,
 Hell and the Grave know no degrees;
 There is a dismal smoaky hole,
 The Cell of many a wretched Soul,

L

Whose

Whose sin of Marriage was occasion
Of his remediless Damnation.

A Crue of Ghosts infest this place,
Pale Monsters of so strange a Race,
That tortur'd Imps this Cavern shun,
As far more dreadful than their own,
Round a blew fire compos'd of Souls,
Of Rampant Wives instead of Coals,
Poor Cockolds come, and fry by turns,
And thump each other with their Horns,
Like Rutting Deer, with Antlets large,
Or Rams they vigorously charge,
Doom'd to this kind of Punishment,
For giving an ill President ;
And changing blessed single Life,
For that perpetual Plague a Wife,
From this forlorn Eternal Grave,
Which *Belzebub* calls Cuckolds Cave,
This Melancholly Brimstone Bed,
I come to answer *Tory Ned*,

And

And school a Woman that Surprizes,
Nay quite out-does all Hell with vices :
But first, Dull *Ghost*, how can it be,
That thou shouldst dare to lash at me,
With thy late senceless Poetry.
Thou hast in Hell, I'm sure, thy share,
If Devils can shew Justice there,
For every deadly Sin of thine,
Millions against thy head Combine
Whom thou hast poyson'd with dam'd Wine,
And though I'm with these Horns made rich,
For marrying a *Salacious* B——
Shake thine and mine in Bag together,
You'll find there's Chastity in neither ;
Thine would have fear'd no Tongues reproach,
For setting of her Cask a broach,
Had not Age cool'd her by degrees,
And sunk the Liquor to the Lees,
Then what a Plague make thee a roaring,
And scribbling on my Fubses whoring ;

For were she in her Fame as Odious,
As the lewd Wife of *Cesar Claudius*,
That twenty five one Morning try'd,
Yet went away unsatisfi'd;
Or pos'd the World in these lewd times
With a new Catalogue of Crimes,
She in the vicious Mystery
Could ne'er out-do thy Wife and thee;
The cause of all her Crimes have been,
Because to thee she's near of Kin,
She might have prov'd a hopeful piece
Had she not chanc'd to be thy Neice;
For as in Cocks of Game there is
A Metal which can never miss,
Where if the Breed be true, not one,
Shall ever leave the Pit and Run:
So 'tis in Kindred understood,
Vertue and Vices run i'th Blood,
And Whores and Rogues from each Relation,
Descend to th' twentieth Generation;

If

If this be true, thou wretched *Ghost*,
 How didst thou dare to leave thy Post,
 When thou wert bottling Molten Lead,
 Which is in Hell thy daily Trade,
 As punishment for many a Cheat,
 Done in thy Transitory State,
 To Dam thy self by Poetry
 Upon *Agario* and me?
 Thy haggard Genius solely spends
 Her Heat, for know, as Fate intends
 Cuckolds are always made by friends,
 'Tis your friend still that tops your Spouse,
 For strangers come not to your House,
 At least to have acquaintance there,
 Like friends familiarly and near,
 And I with him am satisf'd,
 In all things that concerns my Bride,
 For whether Husbands are or no,
 If their Wives itch, it will be so;

}

Therefore leave off, Good Ned, in time,

And tempt no more my Rage in Rhime,

For I *Agarip's* Muse inherit,

And double portion of his Spirit ;

And shall so thump thy clodded Brain,

If thou dost dare to write again,

The Devil shall think it an Abuse,

To have in Hell so dam'd a Muse,

And send thee back to mortal Life,

Condemn'd to a worse Plague thy Wife.

And now I talk of Wives, I groan

To think how I must maul my own,

Though ill, I will not let thee use her,

I have a Title to abuse her ;

And must long smother'd silence break,

Losers have always leave to speak,

And if that common Rule prevail,

Sure Cuckolds may have leave to rail.

* Oh thou sworn Foe to all my Ease,

Thou curst disturber of my Peace,

When

When living I no rest could have,
 Nor now can find it in the Grave,
 Thy mischiefs are so manifold,
 They have pierc'd through the crumbling Mould,
 And rais'd me from the shades agen
 To be divulger of thy Sin,
 Wast not enough, oh thou Obsceen;
 Proud, Salt, Lascivious, Rampant Quean;
 That I've endur'd the Countries scorns,
 And drawn within my Hat my Horns;
 And when I've broach'd some Hoghead new,
 Have seen some other Tapping you;
 Yet small account o' th' Object made,
 Believing 'twas to force a Trade:
 Have I not hid my Patient Noddle,
 When *Bully Rock* has call'd for Bottle,
 And took you to some inner Room,
 To beat a March upon your Drum?
 Nay, to complete thy nauseous Crimes,
 When friend *Agario* came sometimes;

When

L 4

When

When thou with flattering Smiles hast met him,
And thy Mouth water'd to be at him;
I like a Man that knew good breeding,
Have slipt away no matters heeding,
Because a Friend of him we made,
And for each kiss he soundly paid,
And canst thou be a base Detractor,
Of one so much thy benefactor,
And with dam'd Female spite decry,
One that knew all as oft as I,
That did our Family such good,
And was so free t' amend our Blood;
To us and to our Son, Pox Rot him,
Was full as kind as if he got him,
Tnough a true Rogue as ever twang'd,
And will in all due time be hang'd,
For to what end can he be brought,
That by thy Morals has been taught;
And canst thou, worse than Fiend of Hell,
Thou Jilt incomprehensible;

Canst

Canst thou forswear things plain as light,
Nay things unquestionably right,
And does not Pillory plague thy Mind
With loss of Ears which wretches find,
That are in spite of Conscience blind;
Plain is thy Sexes vice by thee,
Made obvious to Posterity :
That when a Woman once grows Lewd,
No Art can turn her back to good,
The spreading Seed has taken root,
And spite of Industry will shoot,
Our wholesome grain we vainly sow,
Spite of our Art the Tares will grow,
And gay and flourishing appear,
As if the Devil had sow'd 'em there ;
No Women of the former times
Arriv'd to know thy heighth of Crimes,
Thy falshood, baseness, Perjury,
Ingratitude and Villany,
Were never known in this degree ;

For

For had the Scripture e'er exprest,
A Woman with thy Devils posselt,
Our Saviour would have been in doubt
Whether his Power could cast 'em out,
The Herd of Swine had been too small,
And never have contain'd 'em all;
How happy then is that good Man,
That Cloaks thy Sins now I am gone,
That at the Mark still widely shoots,
And wears with pleasure my old Boots,
Or if the truth were plainly found,
The Boots of all the Country round?
Faith if a Cuckold e'er behav'd
Himself with Merit to be sav'd,
Thy Case, poor Fool, is singular,
For thou hast so much Hell from her,
'Tis even pity thou shouldst know
A second Penance here below.
Couldst thou not find, egregious Sor,
Why thou wert married, or for what?

Could'st

Could'st thou be Ignorant of all
The Vermin in her Trap did fall?
And never know 'til 'twas too late,
Thy morsel was but for a Bait;
Or that it was thy noble place
To Father all her spurious Race,
That if she whelp'd a squawling Lad,
The Todpole Imp might call thee Dad;
Although by Men of all degrees,
Compounded like a *Chetworth* Cheese;
Or was it really thy want,
Brought thee to wed this Widow Saint,
As no one knows a wretches Case,
Except he feels the same distress,
If so, thou'rt fall'n from bad to worse,
No Poverty is half the Curse
Of him that has to dam his Life,
A Rampant Strumpet for his Wife,
Thus say the Fates, and lastly tell
Thy pretious Mate, that I from Hell,

And

And Fiends that fill each gloomy Room,
Where she at last must surely come,
Ascend to purge each vile Offence,
And urge her to repent her Sins,
With Tears deny what late she swore,
And never henceforth play the Whore;
Else from my melancholly Tomb,
With Troops of Ghosts agen I'll come,
And fiercely drag her hence to slaughter,
Where all her Priests and Holy Water,
With all the Aid and Fopperies they can make,
Shall never have the power to bring her back.

The

The Law of Nature ;

A S O N G *set to an Excellent new Tune.*

I.

WHilst their Flocks were feeding,
Near the foot of a flowry Hill,

Celladon complaining of his Fate,

Thus to *Astrea* Cry'd :

Hear my gentle pleading,

Ah cruel Nymph forbear to kill

A Shepherd with disdain and hate,

Whom you have once enjoy'd :

There is a sacred pow'r in Love,

beyond all Moral Rules,

Follow the Laws of Nature,

For the Divine Creator

Did produce,

The and for Humane Use

Did Beauty choose,

Who

Who deny themselves are Fools.

Every Heart is pair'd above,
And Ingratitude's a Sin

To all the Saints so hateful,
She that is found ingrateful,
May too late,
In a wretched State,
Knock at Heavens Gate,
But shall never enter in.

II.

Had our first made Father,
Lord of the whole Creation,
Done such a Crime as could have dam'd us all,
In trespassing on his Wife,
Heaven, no doubt, had rather,
VVhen it the ill Design had known,
Have plac'd his Angel ere the Fall,
Guarding the Tree of Life;
But he that well knew *Adam's* Breast,
VVhom Nature learnt to wooe,

Never intended Damming,
 Nor did the Serpents shamming
 Edifie :
 For the Bone of his Side,
 That was made his Bride,
 Taught him what he was to do :
 Nor was the Maker e'er possess'd
 VVith Rage that he did enjoy ;
 But the Reflection hated
 VVhat he with Pains Created,
 Should be thought,
 Such a cowardly Sor
 To be poorly caught
 In such a sneaking Lye.

S O N G. II.

To a young L A D Y Affronted by an Envious old Woman.

I.

IN vain, in vain, fantastick Age,
 Thou seek'st such Virtue to abuse,

Ophelia does Mankind engage ;

Each valiant Sword, each noble Muse,
Frantick with Spite, let crazy Time
Take pleasure to ingender strife,
Whilst blooming Beauty in her Prime,
Takes with a Gust the Joys of Life.

I I.

Each shameful word that Malice speaks,
Adds, dearest Charmer, to your Fame ;
Each hallow'd Grove loud Echo makes,
Resounding fair *Ophelia's* Name,
Old age does Beauty still prophane,
Age ever did good Nature want ;
By Scandal you more Glory gain,
'Tis Persecution makes the Saint.

An O D E,

From the Greek of ANACREON.

I.

IF Gold could lengthen Life, I swear,
It then should be my chiefest Care,

To get a heap, that I may say,
When Death came to demand his pay,
Thou Slave, take this and go thy way.

II.

But since Life is not to be bought,
Why should I plague my self for nought,
Or foolishly disturb the Skies,
With vain Complaints, or fruitless Cries,
For if the fatal Destinies
Have all decreed it shall be so,
What good will Gold or Crying do ?

III.

Give me to ease my thirsty Soul,
The Joys and Comforts of the Bowl;
Freedom and Health, and whilst I live
Let me not want what Love can give :
Then shall I die in peace, and have
This Consolation in the Grave,
That once I had the World my slave.

M

To

To Chloris : A S O N G.

IF my Addresses are grateful,
 Shew it in granting my Suit,
 Or if my Passion be hateful,
 Leave me and end the dispute:
 I hate your doubling and turning,
 Like a cours'd Hare in a Morning,
 Either comply as you should,
 Or leave me to others that would.

*To pretty Mrs. H. D. upon the sight of her Picture
 standing amongst other at Mr. Knellers.*

I.

COrrinna when yon left the Town,
 My Heart secure I thought to find,
 But found alas new Chains put on,
 By your bright Image left behind.

Your

II.

Your Picture now the Conquest has,
 To my fond Soul new flame returns,
 Like Rays contracted in a Glass,
 Though distant your Reflection burns.

III.

Had Paradise for you been lost,
 Like *Adam* I had suffer'd too,
 What must that Fruit be to the Taste,
 That is so tempting to the view?

IV.

Your Graces shining at full length,
 Subdue each Souls devouteſt skill,
 When Beauty Charms beyond our ſtrength,
 Where is the uſe of our free Will?

V.

Like that Aſtronomer I gaze,
 That his propitious Star had found,
 Fixing my Eyes upon your Face,
 I ſlight the glittering Planets round.

VI.

And as to Shrines when Pilgrims go,
 Such awful Reverence I feel,
 That though I'm sure 'tis only show,
 I scarcely can forbear to kneel.

*To CLORIS: An ODE set to the New
 RIGGADON.*

I Love thee well,
 But not so well to wed thee,
 Lest blood rebel,
 And Appetite should cloy;
 Whilst free and kind,
 Each hour I long to bed thee:
 But if confin'd,
 Should scarce believ't a Joy.

Second Movement.

In Earth and Air
 All Creatures else possess
 Their pleasing Liberty;

Then

Then why should Man,
The Lord of all the Universe
Less happy be.

Third Movement.

Bring Musick then and Wine still,
And every one his Dear,
That friendship most Divine still,
That treats with *Cher entier*.

Fourth Movement.

The wise think all those very dull,
To marriage yokes incline;
But if e'er I do play the Fool,
Dear *Cloris* I am thine.

*An ELEGY on the Death of the Great
Duke of ORMOND.*

L Ate in a lonely Melancholly Shade,
Whilst all my Cares victorious Sleep obey'd;
A Vision suddenly possess'd my Brain,
And tortur'd Nature labor'd with the pain.

My trembling Soul forgot her wonted trade,
Nor could she call the Senses to her aid,
Oppress'd with wonder and uncommon awe,
At the Celestial Miracles she saw.

Methought upon a Lucid Cloud in State,
As on a Throne an awful Monarch sat,
Mysterious Glories shone around his face,
And soon I knew by each Angellick Grace,
And the Indulgence of a pitying Smile,
'Twas that lov'd Prince * that lately rul'd this Isle,
Attending Cherubs fawn'd him with their wings;
Whilst on each side a row of *British* Kings
All met in Council for some grand Intent,
Made up in pomp the Glorious Parliament.
Great *Edward*, *Henry*, deathless in their Fames,
Two *Henrys* more, and Learned Pious *James*,
With that blest Martyr by his own betraid,
Sat mute to hear what their great Off-spring said,

* *K. Charles II.*

Who

Who with a solemn Voice and awful brow,
And the same Grace with which he charm'd below;
Whilst crowding Angels their Attentions lent,
Thus made Oration to th' Omnipotent.

Great Sire of Angels as of Humane Race,
All copied from thy own Celestial face,
Who with a Breath canst Life and Death controul
This hour Create, the next recal the Soul;
Inspire a Clod, and from Earths common dust
Winnow the Brave and Good from the unjust;
Receive another Hero to thy store,
And to thy Heaven add one Glory more,
Ormond, the best of all Earths noble brood,
Ormond, the Wise the Virtuous and the Good;
The noblest Theme of each fam'd Poets Song,
Tir'd with frail Nature he has worn so long,
Implores to crown his Souls triumphant Fame
In that Eternal Peace from whence it came,

Through all the Mazes of ambiguous Life;
Through foreign Battels and domestick Strife,
Through Traitors Swords & Plots contriv'd in Hell,
Through inmate Fiends that pray and yet Rebel;
Ormond, undaunted has like *Gideon* pass'd,
Preserving Faith and Honor to the last,
Loyal as Brave, and Brave as Mortals were,
Ere the first damning Sin begot base Fear,
Nay, what's a Rarity we find in few,
He was a Saint and yet a Soldier too.

To what a pitch must Fame his Glory raise,
That all degrees of Heaven and Earth do praise,
For his Youths Judgment by the wise admir'd,
As much for Beauty by the Fair desir'd;
For as each word would move a stander by,
So every look could Charm a Ladies Eye;
Cherubs and Seraphins his value know,
And chant above what we repeat below,

Tyran-

Tyrannick Time, that even does ravenous seem,
To prey on others, did no hurt to him,
But seem'd afraid a Fabrick to destroy,
So long propp'd up by Sacred Geometry,
In which all People took such general Joy;
And that true Justice on my part appear,
For where should it inhabit if not here.
I when Intestine Foes my Crown besieg'd,
Stood to his Virtue and his Faith oblig'd;
He trac'd my Exile with unwearied Love,
And to assuage my boundless Sorrows strove;
Brave man that never fail'd my Cause to fight,
Nor valued his when I had lost my right,
Oppressed with pinching Grief yet still so good,
Hee'd murmur not, though almost wanting food;
But when his Coffers were exhausted dry,
Fed on the *Manna* of his Loyalty:
At last when by thy blest decree I came,
To be restor'd, his duty was the same

His

His Soul still wore the same unalter'd dress,
Not swell'd with Power, nor less'n'd by distress
But modell'd by thy own Divinity,
It still retains some perfect Seeds of thee,
Which now extract him to so pure a state,
'Twill cost but little trouble to translate :
Admit then oh Eternal All in All,
And to our state of Bliss, lov'd *Ormond* call,
Reward his Zeal and Piety below
With blessings here too good for Earth to know :
No Star can better grace the Court Divine,
Nor of his Magnitude can brighter shine.

Thus spoke the Godlike Monarch, and a grant
From Heaven's dread Sovereign publish'd a consent
The Saints in waiting hum'd aloud for Joy,
And Hallelujahs fill'd the echoing Sky ;
When strait a glorious Light, methought was seen
Just as another Sun had rising been,
The dazling Splendor made Eternal day,
And *Ormond's* Name Rung o'er the milky way,
Straigh

Straight the Majestick Soul was seated high,
Deck'd in the Robes of new Divinity;
Through all the Sacred Host was Joy express'd,
At the Instalment of this Glorious Guest,
On the left hand of Gracious *Charles* he sat,
His mortal Cares crown'd with immortal State.

This joyful Scene scarce did my Vision show,
But I was waken'd with their Crys below;
And to my grief as well as theirs I knew
Their mournful sounds had prov'd this wonder true,
His Friends in Tears all made a loud Complaint,
The World had lost, though Heaven had gain'd
a Saint,
And amongst all the numerous selfish Train,
My self had not least Reason to complain;
But wished with them a worthy held so dear,
Had been less happy, and stay'd longer here.
And here my Muse make thy peculiar moan,
The best inspirer of thy Art is gone,

Thy

Thy noble Patron that first plum'd thy wing.
Inform'd and dipt thee in *Apollo's* Spring,
And in Poetick numbers made thee sing,
By Angels courted to his sacred home,
Leaves thee to fight thy Sorrows on his Tomb.
In wisest Rules of moral Learning bred,
He never thought it a disgrace to read,
Nor true Applause to a just Merit grudge,
Though not a Poet yet a Poets Judge,
Could well instruct a *Pegasus* to fly,
Shew where he flagg'd or where he soar'd too high
Mourn, mourn, ye Sons of *Phæbus*, burn your
Books,
And let your hearts be sad as are your Looks;
Forlake your *Lyrick* strains and let each Eye
Drown in salt Floods your Patrons Elegy;
Who? now the Muses lustre shall advance
Above the scorn of sordid Ignorance,
Who? shall their want of generous Friends supply
Or raise the drooping head of Poetry:

he's gone, he's gone, his Aid you ask in vain,
now and the Grave never refund again.
Too late the mighty Loss is understood,
now know the value till they lose the Good;
For eighty rowling Years he still was known
the brightest Jewel in the *British* Crown,
and with unblemish'd lustre grac'd our Isle,
the value true, nor needed any foil;
his Virtue made his Dignity more great,
his Mein was graceful and his Language sweet,
and none his noble Actions liy'd to see,
high wish'd him greater than he wish'd to be.
Your early Cares to serve his Prince did tend,
faithful Subject, Counsellor and Friend,
th' Royal Line, when Faction high did rise,
his Arm gave succour and his Heart advise;
once to *Saul* did the great Prophet do,
good Counsel gave, and fought his Battels too.
Happy those Heroes were that understood,
their Virtues made 'em nobler than their Blood,
That

That 'twas the intrinſick Value of the Ore,
And not the ſtamp that made the Merit more;
With vain Ambition ſome themſelves deceive,
But to be brave and honeſt is to live;
To be an *Ormond* is the Life ſublime,
The nobleſt Pattern of precedent Time,
Whoſe Saint-like Pity, God-like Gentleneſs
T' incourage Merit, and relieve Diſtreſs,
No Wit can praiſe enough, nor Tongue expreſs.
Henceforth, vile Age, thy ill ſpent time redeem,
Grow good, and let Great *Ormond* be thy Theme
Let each vain Courtier break his flattering Glaſs,
And in his Pious Mirror learn to dreſs;
Whiſt all the Muſes with dejected Eyes,
Offer whole Volumes of ſad Elegies;
A mournful Train with *Cypreſs* Garlands on,
Methinks I ſee forſake their *Hellicon*,
To ſing the ſolemn Dirges of this day;
But ah, bright Soul, what Tribute ſhall I pay!

My
For
To

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On

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But ſi

M
And a

My Heart no respite to her Woes shall have,
 For when remembering thee, I idly rave,
 To think no Worth can charm, no Virtue scape
 the Grave.

EPIGRAM

*On the Sacred Memory of that glorious
 Patron of P O E T S, greatest and
 best of Monarchs, K I N G
 CHARLES the Second.*

Written 1686.

IF Sacred Worth, which high as Heaven does raise
 His Fame, were low enough for mortal Praise,
 The mighty Theme would crack each studious
 Brain,
 No Tongue be still, nor unemploy'd no Pen;
 But since no Planet can for *Phæbus* shine,
 And all Applause is vain of things Divine,

To

To Court a Tomb let every Muse be taught,
And perish with the sad extremes of Thought;
The impoverish'd Land is by his loss undone,
As each Muse dull'd now its Inspirer's gone:
Blest by his Beams the learn'd in Crowds would
throng,

To hear the Oraculous Wisdom of his Tongue;
Mute as the Grave, when he a Story told,
England was then as *Athens* was of old,
Or *Rome*, where Arms with Science flourish'd
long,

Augustus smil'd at honour'd *Virgil's* Song,
But now our Harps are on the Willows hung:
For since the Sovereign of all Arts could die,
There is no farther use of Poetry;
Hot *Pegasus* no middle Tract will go,
Charles, is a Theme too high, and all besides too low.

An

An ELEGY

On the late *Holy Father Pope INNOCENT*
the Eleventh.

STrange power of Piety when Virtue is
So strong it can disarm our prejudice :
When *Luther's Sons Rome's* prizeless loss bemoan,
Less than a Miracle can there be shown;
Yet see they mourn, and those our Doctrine bred,
Hating the Body, yet adore the Head.
This Truth, tho Ages past scarce understood,
Ours boldly may affirm, *one Pope was good*;
Not partial, nor to private Interest sold,
Nay, what's more strange than all, not fond of Gold;
But durst against the stream of Avarice swim,
St. *Peter's* Keys were never gilt by him,
Nor did the Churches Biggots, till his sway
Ever, so little for Salvation pay.

His mellow'd Wisdom prop'd *Romes* tottering State,
His moderate Judgment stemm'd the Clergies hate,
Willing the Churches variance to atone,
Rail'd not at ours, nor less'ned not his own.
When Heathens did in swarming Numbers list,
And War began 'twixt *Mahomet* and *Christ* ;
The imprison'd Treasure which he then set free,
Shew'd him refin'd from former Papacy.
The Gold which to that Holy War he threw,
Declar'd him more than Pope, a Christian too.
When *France* observ'd him scourge the Infidels,
Quite different from his Pagan Principles ;
His Mother Church th' Apostate durst condemn,
And slight her power to make his own Supreme,
Nor longer own'd *Romes* Doctrine his Soul's guide,
When its Ambition was unsatisfied ;
This faultless Prelate, if e'er Pope was so,
Sounded his Wiles, and Plots did overthrow,

Lent th' golden Mattock to this pious work,
And balk'd both Pagan, and the Christian Turk,
Who slyly did like snarling Blood-hound lurk,
To snap the Prey, and gorge himself alone,
When th' rest were tir'd with fighting for the bone.
Mourn all ye neighb'ring Princes, sigh and mourn,
Old *Rome* will now to her old Sins return;
Her Scarlet Robe has for a time been clean,
But with new Errors, will new Spots be seen :
Now each ambitious Cardinal bribes high,
To fill the Conclave for the Prelacy,
Which gain'd, the enchanted Purse strait shuts as
close,
As if the strings were never to unloose.
The Fish is caught, farewell Hipocrisie,
The Vizor banish'd, and the Net laid by.
Religion late was beyond Gold preferr'd,
But profit now's the only sound is heard.
Vile Sores o'er *Romes* corrupted Body grow,
Her Trunk is filthy, now her Head lies low :

For when as some rich honest Farmer dies,
 Leaving behind him Lands, and Legacies,
 His brainless Off-Spring by their Vice allur'd,
 Destroy the Crop, which he with care manur'd;
 His Garden's fruitless, and his Vineyard bleeds,
 Th' one yields no Grapes, the other only weeds:
 So *Rome*, her pious Farmer being gone,
 Is left to her lewd Race to be undone.

To the KING:

An ODE on his Birth Day.

CLOWDY *Saturnia* drives her Steeds apace,
 Heaven-born *Aurora* presses to her place;
 And all the new dress'd Planets of the Night,
 Dance their gay Measures with unusual grace,
 To usher in the happy Morning's Light,
 To usher in, &c.

Now blest, *Britannia*, let thy Head be crown'd,
 Now let thy joyful Trumpets sound,
 Into the late enslav'd * *Angusta's* Ears,

* *London.*

The

The Triumphs of a Day renown'd,
Beyond the Glories of all former years,
A Day when eastern Kings to kneel forbore,
And end the Worship they begun,
Dazled with rising Glories from the *British* shore,
No longer they ador'd the Sun,

Chorus. A Day when, &c,

Second Movement.

The *Belgick* Sages saw from far,
The glittering Regal Star,
That blest the happy Morn,
When Great *Nassau* was born ;
They heard besides a Cherub sing,
Haste, Haste, without delay,
To *Albion* haste away,
Revenge their Wrongs, and be a King,
Before thy Sword, and awful frown ;
Rome Pagan Gods shall tumble down :
Haste to oppose, *Britannia's* Foes,
And then to wear her Crown.

And now the day is come,

So dreadful to Proud *Rome*,

The day when *Gallia* shakes,

And *England's* Genius wakes,

To call her Sons to fight,

And guard * *Eusebia's* Right :

Hark, hark, I hear their loud Alarms,

And what was sold, for tempting Gold,

Retriev'd again by Arms.

Chorus. Guard, Guard *Eusebia's* Right,

Call, call, her Sons to fight. Hark, hark, &c.

Third Movement.

Go on, admir'd *Nassau*, go on,

To Fame and Victory go on,

Recover *Britains* long lost Glory,

Reflect on former Battels won,

And what by *English* Monarchs done,

In *Edward's*, and Great *Henry's* Story ;

Whilst we in lofty Song, and tuneful Mirth,

Each year sing loud to celebrate his Birth,

Whom bounteous Heaven, with Paternal hand,

Sent as a second Saviour to this groaning Land.

Chorus. * *The Church.*

Chorus

Chorus of all.

Glad *Albion*, let thy Joy appear,
 Restor'd is now thy happy State,
 The greatest blessings are most dear,
 When we atchieve 'em late.
 And whilst in a Jubile Triumph we sing,
 All Hail, Great *Nassau*, all Joy to the King,
 Let a Chorus of Thunder in the loud Confort play,
 To inform the vast Globe this is *Cesar's* Birth day.

The Scotch VIRAGO.
A SONG Sung to the Queen at Kensington.

The Words made to a pretty New Scotch Tune.

I.

V Alliant *Jockey's* march'd away,
 To fight the Foe with brave *Mackay*,
 Leaving me, poor Soul, forlorn,
 To Curse the hour when I was born;
 But, I've sworn I'll follow too,
 And dearest *Jockey's* Fate pursue,

Near him be to guard his pretious Life,

Never *Scot* had such a Loyal Wife;

Sword Iſe wear,

Iſe cut my Hair,

Tan my Cheeks, that once were thought ſo fair,

In Souldiers Weed,

To him I'll ſpeed,

Never ſike a Trooper croſs'd the *Tweed*.

II.

Trumpet ſound to Victory,

Iſe kill (my ſelf) the next *Dundee*;

Love, and Fate, and Rage, do all agree,

To do ſome glorious Deed by me.

Great *Bellona*, take my part,

Fame and Glory, charm my Heart,

That for Love, and bonny *Scotland's* good,

Some brave Action may deſerve my Blood;

Nought ſhall appear,

Of Female fear,

Fighting by his Side, I love ſo dear;

All

All the *North* shall own,
There ne'er was known
Such a spritely Lads this thousand years.

TO CHLORIS: A SONG.

I.

C*hloris*, for fear you should think to deceive
me,
Know all my Life I have studied your kind,
Learn'd in your *Grammar*, I'd have you believe me,
And all your Tricks in my Practice you'll find;
Ogling and Glances,
Sighs and Advances,
Poor Country Cully no more shall ensnare:
Pantings and Tremblings,
Fits and Dissemblings,
Now you must leave, and Intrigue on the Square.

II.

Give me the Girl that's good natur'd and Witty,
Whose pleasant Talk can her Friend entertain,
One who's not Proud, if you tell her she's Pretty;
And

And yet enough to be Honest and Clean,

Pox on Town Cheatings,

Jilts and Cognettings;

I my Dear *Chloris*, will bring up by hand:

Tears and Complainings,

Breed but Disdainings,

Those still Love best that are under Command.

*A Catch in Three Parts, set by Mr. Hen. Purcel,
and taken from the Latin of BUCHANAN.*

I.

Young *Collin* cleaving of a Beam,

At every thumping Blow, cry'd *Hem*;

And told his Wife, who the Cause would know,

'Twas *Hem*, made th' Wedge much farther go.

II.

Plump *Joan*, at Night when t' Bed she came,

And both were playing at that game;

Cry'd, *Hem, Hem, Hem*, prithee *Collin* do,

If ever thou lov'dst me *Hem, Hem* now.

III.

No, no, no, no, sweet Wife, no no,

Some Wood will split with half a blow;

Besides I Bore, now, now, I Bore,

I *Hem* when I Cleave, but now I Bore.

A

P O E M

Panegyric

On His G R A C E

T H E

D. of ALBEMARLE;

*With Remarks on His Voyage for
JAMAICA, and the late Treasure
brought Home in the JAMES and
MARY.*

Written Anno Dom. 1686.

Epistle Dedicatory to Her Grace the D U C H E S S.

WHEN Brutus with the rest did Cesar doom,
 And by his Death gave liberty to Rome:
 Great Cato's Daughter * his dear faithful Wife,
 That knew the Secret of that fatal Strife,
 From her lov'd Husband's side would never part,
 Both had one Will, one Courage, and one Heart,
 Her generous Virtue thought it base to share
 Part of his Joy, and nothing of his Care;
 And therefore all his Harms with Patience bore,
 And when he dy'd she likewise was no more:
 Her Virtues, Madam, flourish now in you,
 A second Porcia, Faithful, Chast and True,
 With Heavens divinest Gifts your Heart is stor'd,
 And Wove into the Merits of your Lord;
 So fast, and with Affection so sublime,
 You can look down with Scorn on Death and Time:
 Since then Great Albemarle inspires my Muse,
 Upon a Theme 'tis fit the World peruse;

* Porcia.

Who

Who should I beg to Consecrate my Lines,
 But you, who know how bright his Virtue shines,
 You, who have made the business of your Life,
 To shew the World, a Pattern of a Wise,
 Joy'd at your Lord's good Chance, griev'd at his Ill,
 Kind, Wise, and what's most Rare Obedient, to his Will:
 More I could say, nay so much might be said,
 These swelling Lines would tire ye to Read.
 If I could boast of a Poetick Art,
 To speak your Praise, lavish as your Desert,
 No Flight could be too high, no Thought too strong,
 Nor could the Poem ever be too long.
 But modest Pens, that dare not be too bold,
 Know Truth, the shortest way is wisest told.

A P O E M Panegyrick on
 His Grace the DUKE of
 ALBEMARLE, &c.

I.

HAPPY those Islands where no sullen Sky
 Debars with Clouds the Prospect of the
 Eye, Where

Where the glad Sun with Joy performs his Race,
And sullies with no Fogs his glorious Face,
Where change of Weather makes no Native mourn,
No Agues freeze ye, nor no Fevers burn ;
But genuine Heat, Nature for Health designs,
And through respiring Pores your Blood refines.

II.

But above all most happy is that Land,
Which you, my Lord, are going to Command,
Their darling Genius Claps her joyful Wings,
And your Approach in lofty numbers sings ;
The Sun's attractive force they knew before,
Exhaling Dews from every Plant and Flow'r.
But this new Influence they learn from you,
That to a point he can draw Virtue too.

III.

'Tis said indeed this generative Heat,
In parching Climes most Worthies does beget ;
And that no Northern Nation can inspire
Her sickly Sons, with such Heroick fire ;

But

But I could never credit this till now,
The Sympathy is verifi'd in you :
That still your liking for those parts have shown,
Where the hot glittering God attracts his own.

IV.

As some fond Mother, that with tender Care
Sees her young Darling posting to the War,
Oppress'd with Sorrow, does the Parting view;
Hates he should go, yet loves his Glory too:
Such Grief (my Lord) Your mourning Friends
all share,
When of your Voyage the sad News they hear,
And jointly wish *America* could know,
The Jem she gains without their loss in you.

V.

But still to have you, were too great a Grace,
Perfection ne'er continues in one place;
So Angels did in former time appear,
Gave us true Joy, but staid but little here.
To cheer the World, your Virtues Heaven design'd,
And could not in one Island be confin'd;

Worth

Worth like the Sun, so universal known,
'Tis fit should bless more Countries than your own.

VI.

Well may those happy Isles serene appear,
But we, I fear, shall find it Cloudy here,
If Comets are oblig'd t' infest the Skies,
At a States Change, or when a Monarch dies;
Methinks they should their fatal Fears infuse,
Into our Hearts, when we a Worthy lose;
Did not wise Heaven think it vain to show
A Prodigy, for Plagues too well we know.

VII.

In taking you, Fate leaves us poor and bare,
The mighty Sum is more than we can spare;
For common Losses common Tears we shower,
But, Sir, your Merit will command much more:
The aking Hearts of all your Countrymen,
When Woes are deepest, fewest Tears are seen;
And when Grief burns within, where none can spy,
The bubbling Fountains of the Head are dry.

VIII.

VIII.

To thy own safety *England* have regard,
The Loyal and the Brave are rarely spar'd;
In props of Virtue we are not so rich,
But such a Pillar gone will make a Breach,
Crowds may drop off like Hair of no Esteem,
But when one Hero goes we lose a Limb;
Well *Britain* may thy Arms the World o'er-come;
When thou canst spare an *Albemarle* from Home.

IX.

He, that when late Rebellious Seeds grew high,
And proud Sedition trod on Loyalty,
Encompass'd round with Dangers, and with Foes,
Numerous as Dust, when the wild Tempest blows,
With Fortitude undaunted durst defy
The Force and Favors of the Enemy,
From his lov'd Country should Affection claim,
Dear as his own, and lasting as his Fame.

O

X. All

X.

All good Men know that then he nobly serv'd,
And to his utmost power the Throne preserv'd,
James found his Vigilance and Conduct right,
Tho upstart *Davus* snarl'd and durst not bite;
Nor can a Royal Heart unmindful be
Of stanch Hereditary Loyalty;
For none should Monarchs of Remissness charge,
Their Memories are like their Glories large.

XI.

A stedfast Duty, and a Faith entire,
We know the Jem is right that past the fire,
So good, our Nations Genius was afraid
To lose a Prize so proper for her Aid,
And lest light Coffers by true Bounty drein'd,
A Mighty Prince should Merchandising send;
Neptune, * as if he brib'd him not to go,
Sent him a Present from his hoar'd below.

* A *Spanish* Wreck found, and a vast Treasure taken up from
the bottom of the Sea; and lately brought home.

XII.

XII.

Seven Wonders Ancient Chronicles relatè,
Now change the Scene, and make the number Eight,
Tis well Renowned *Britain*, that with thee
No Land can vie for Wit or Industry;
If Honor could the Argument maintain,
As well as politick Designs for Gain,
The World would then thy wondrous Merit know,
And Heaven above, as the Salt Deeps below.

XIII.

Gigantick Rocks ravish'd the wealthy *Ore*,
A Peoples Ruin the Rich Vessel bore;
And Providence for Ends, now known confin'd
In Coral Groves the Mistress of Mankind,
Full forty Years the pensive Beauty lay,
Low in a Sea-Gods Cell, to which none found the
Way,
Till *Phip's* inspir'd arriv'd, and Heaven thought well
To bless our Hero by a Miracle:

XIV.

'Twere wondrous well if Fate would order so,
That Monarchs every Subjects Heart could know,
They then the difference of Men might see,
That serve for Interest or for Loyalty;
To build their Fortunes many plow the Main,
Their Duty is encourag'd by their Gain;
But he that leaves a Greatness so well known
Merely to serve his Prince, is Loyal *Monk* alone.

XV.

For who but he would leave the Bowers of Peace
Of blest Contentment and delightful Ease;
To war with Blasts and Fevers of the Skies,
Half buz'd to death by *Buccaneering* Flies,
Who would the tiresome Voyage undergo,
When Profit has no Golden face to show?
Or who but he the hot Fatigue would bear,
And leave *New-Hall* to be a Viceroy there?

XVI.

XVI.

* *New-Hall*, the true *Elizium* of the Eye,
 The glorious Seat of ancient Royalty,
 Where Art and Nature seem by Heaven design'd
 To strive, which shall be Master of their kind;
 And as the pretious Ore in Golden Mines,
 Nature produces, but 'tis Art that coins;
 So she by *Paradise* this Model drew,
 And Art improv'd the Beauties as they grew.

XVII.

The curious Gardens that delight the Eye,
 Shew the gay Scene of blest Variety;
 Sweet as a Virgin that has never known
 The scorching passions of the vicious Town.
Ceres and *Flora* here their Bounty show,
 And Fruits and Flowers so Luxurious grow;
 As *Adam* here had us'd his primitive Spade,
 And from his Maker has just learnt the Trade.

* A short Character of *New-Hall*, his Grace's House in *Essex*.

XVIII.

Next take the Park and prospect in your view,
Apelles never such a Landshape drew,
Tall Sons of *Earth* three quarters of a Mile
Weaving their Branches, frame a wond'rous Isle:
Here the poor Traveller relief to gain
From the oppressing Storms of Wind and Rain,
Tir'd with his tedious Journey slack his pace,
Sits down, looks round, and wonders at the Place.

XIX.

The Nightingals in every Grove impart,
By Nature, *Airs* that need no help of Art;
No Artist sent from *Italy* comes there,
And yet no Eunuch ever sung so rare,
Curse your ill Stars, ye poor disgender'd crew,
Each Linnæus has a better Fate than you,
For they can in the charming *Chorus* join,
And yet enjoy the Pleasures of their kind.

XX.

The happy Herds of Dear then Feasting see
Emblems of Innocence and Amity,
That feed and love together, couch and rise,
Never debauch'd with strife or mortal Vice,
But silently their great Creator praise;
And if they chance to see a human Face,
With eager speed, they from the Object run,
And gaze and wonder at the Monster, Man.

XXI.

Reflect, vain Creature, with erected Face,
That claim'st command o'er the four-footed Race;
How much thy lazy Virtue they'd out do,
If they were blest with sacred Reason too;
Proud of thy Gifts, yet Heaven in them do find
More truth, nay more Religion in their kind,
From Schisms, false Doctrine, and Ambition free,
And pride the darling Sin of poor Mortality.

XXII.

Here ere the Lawns with Summer blessings
crown'd,
Pleas'd with their lusty Health they nimbly bound'
Free from the Weathers wild ingrateful storms
The trembling Hares sit quiet in their Forms:
Sweet smelling Panthers of whose Spots we read
In modern Pamphlet, here may welcome feed,
But yet no Baptist Boar, nor foaming Bear can graze,
Nor one Immortal Hind in all the Place.

XXIII.

When the great General with Victorious Sword,
Thrice happy *Englands* best of Kings restor'd;
When Crouds were to Obedience forc'd to bow,
And old Rebellions Giant-head lay low:
The mighty Genius of this God of War,
Big with his Merit, did this Place prepare;
And smiling on him with an awful Grace,
Spoke thus, Thou wondrous Man rest here in Peace.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Here let thy glass of Life in quiet run,
And let the World admire what thou hast done,
Thou, that from *Chaos* didst to order bring,
Dissenting Crowds, that shuffled out the King,
And when black gathering Clouds of Mischief grew
Too dark, for any but thy Eyes to view,
That all the jarring parts thy power might know,
Spak'st loud, let there be Light, and it was so.

XXV.

This said, the Genius bow'd his awful head,
And at his Feet the conquer'd Trophies laid ;
From hence a Series of new Years ran on
Till throng'd with Time this great triumphant Man,
Like some tall lofty Pine with blessings crown'd,
Sunk with his mellow Glories to the ground,
Leaving behind a Theme far more sublime
Than e'er agen will grace succeeding Time.

XXVII.

Sir, still in you we the old Hero see
The same true Courage, and true Loyalty,

The

The Father of his Country does return
You in a Phenix rising from his Urn,
Whose stedfast Faith no Interest could sway,
So well his Heart had taught him to obey ;
To serve his Prince all Dangers would run o'er,
Dreading no stormy Sea, nor no inhospitable shore.

XXVII.

Yet tho this Sir, on Duties score you do,
Reason advises to be cautious too ;
When from high Towers you see the dazzling height,
'Twere direct madness to precipitate.
Hard is the Game you long have had to play,
Many would have you go, and more to stay,
To keep you here, still wish your faithful Friends ;
But *Og*, would have you gone for his own ends.

XXVIII.

Projecting *Og*, by you like Taper snuft,
Like Spider now with innate Venom puft,
A Bulk sincere, but there's no Faith in that,
For all Men are not honest that are fat.

This

This Age by a new jugling Fallacy,
Fattens those most who best can Cheat and Lye ;
Who with next Heir at Law would trust his health,
Or who a bloated Bankrupt with his wealth ?

XXIX.

To Fame and Truth your Soul did ever bend,
The bravest Man is still the truest Friend :
Heaven its best Graces to your Heart disclos'd,
There all the Elements so well compos'd,
That no unruly Passion dares aspire,
Not too much Earth, nor yet too little Fire ;
But in your Bosom form'd, all gently move,
You shew at once the Eagle and the Dove.

XXX.

Forgive me Sir, that I these Truths relate,
And believe Flattery is a thing I hate ;
The Courtier's Gloss to varnish his dull Speech,
Could I have flatter'd well I had been Rich ;
A well form'd Parasite's an Art so dear,
I might have got three hundred Pound a year,

That

That now can boast no greater Wealth my due,
Than a good Character from such as You.

XXXI.

And rich I am in that, may then your years,
Rowl on with Joy, and may you know no Cares,
May bounteous Plenty bless you with her Store,
And all the teeming Western Mines with Ore,
May Spicy Breezes cool the parching Air,
That no hot Ray presume t' offend the Fair,
And in a happy hour may *England* boast,
She can win back the Treasure she has lost.

*Mr. HAINE'S Second Recantation: A
PROLOGUE intended to be spoken
by him dress'd in a Turkish habit.*

MY Reconversion, Sirs, you heard of late,
I told you I was turn'd, but not to what,
The truth disguis'd for Cause best known to me;
But now what really I am, * — you see;
In vain did *English* Education work,
My Faith was fixt, I always was a *Turk*;

* Stroking his Mustaches.

Besides

Besides my rambling Steps ere I came home,
Constantinople reach'd as well as *Rome*,
And by the *Mufti*, who nice Virtue priz'd,
For being so Circumspect, was Circumcis'd ;
'Tis true, I did endeavor to refuse,
That dam'd old silly Custom of the *Jews*,
Because I was asham'd of being shown,
I was too plump a Babe, an Infant too well grown ;
But they would finish what they had begun,
So between *Turk* and *Jew* my Jobb was done ;
I wish the promis'd blessing may appear,
I'm sure, I bought Religion plaguy dear ;
For to be free, I greater Danger ran
Of being an Eunuch, than a Musselman ;
But Constancy takes strangely in that Place,
My manly Suffering won the Peoples Grace,
I gain'd their Hearts, their chiefest Secrets saw,
We whor'd and got Drunk contrary to Law :
I had five Wives, thank the dear Prophet for it,
A Black, a Blew, a Brown, a Fair, a Carrot,

And

And by the way, 'tis worth your Observation
To note, the follid Wisdom of that Nation:
Wives, are like Spannels there, and when ye marry
You need but whistle, Wife must fetch and carry,
A pretier Custom, if I understand,
Than 'tis in *England* here where they Command ;
The Ladies here may without Scandal shew
Face, or white Bubbies, to each Ogling *Beau* ;
But there close veil'd, not one kind Glance can fall,
She that once shews her Face, will shew ye all ;
Wits there are too, but Poet there's but one,
A huge unweildy jarring Lute and Tunn, }
That spite of all my Parts the Laurel won,
Not for his skill in Satyr, or in Lyrics,
Or for his humble Stile in lofty Panegyricks,
Or the rare Images that swell his Noddle,
But sitting up and Joking o'er a Bottle.
His Patron's Wit, still as his own is us'd,
Yet never had a Friend, but he abus'd,

What

What is his own has neither Plot nor Soul,
Nor ever one good thought but what he stole;
Eating, not Writing, is his proper Function,
Supper's his Sacrament, his Extreme Unction;
Like Whores condemn'd, that free themselves from
Chains;
He pleaded for't his Belly, I my Brains,
But Poet Belly routed Poet *Haines* :
Missing this Post, I get into the Wars,
But finding quickly there's were real jars,
Not liking that robust Confusion there,
Sneak'd off in time, to get Commission here,
Well knowing that what ever wrongs are righting,
You *London* Blades, have wiser ways than fighting.

F I N I S.

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